THE

Constant Couple.

OR A

Trip to the Jubilee.

A

COMEDY

Acted at the Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*, By His Majesty's Servants.

The *Second Edition*, with a New Scene added to the part of *Wildair*.

By Mr. *GEORGE FARQUHAR*.

Sive favore tuli, sive hanc ego carmine famam
Jure tibi grates, candide lector, ago.

Ovid. Trist. lib. 4. Eleg. 10.

LONDON,

Printed for *Ralph Smith* at the Bible under the *Piazza* of the *Royal Exchange*, *Cornhil* and *Bennet Banbury* at the Blue Anchor in the *New Exchange* in the *Strand*. 1700.

To the Honourable

Sir ROGER MOSTYN Baronet,

Of *Moſtyn-Hall* in *Flintſhire.*

SIR,

'TIS no ſmall Reflection on Pieces of this nature, that Panegyrick is ſo much im-improv'd, and that Dedication is grown more an Art than Poetry; that Authors, to make their Patrons more than Men, make themſelves leſs; and that Perſons of Honour are forc'd to decline patronizing Wit, becauſe their Modeſty cannot bear the groſs Strokes of Adulation.

But give me leave to ſay, Sir, that I am too young an Author to have learnt the Art of Flattery; and, I hope, the ſame Modeſty which

recommended this *Play* to the World, will alſo reconcile my Addreſſes to You, of whom I can ſay nothing but what your *Merits* may warrant, and all that have the honour of your Acquaintance will be proud to vindicate.

The greateſt *Panegyrick* upon you, *Sir*, is the unprejudic'd and bare Truth of Your Character, the Fire of Youth, with the *Sedateneſs* of a *Senatour*, and the *Modern Gaity* of a fine *Engliſh* Gentleman, with the Noble *Solidity* of the Antient *Britton*.

This is the Character, *Sir*, which all *Men*, but your ſelf, are proud to publiſh of You, and which more celebrated *Pens* than mine ſhould tranſmit to Poſterity.

The *Play* has had ſome noble Appearances to honour its *Repreſentation*; and to compleat the *Succeſs*, I have preſum'd to preſix ſo Noble a Name to uſher it into the World. A ſtately *Frontſpiece* is the Beauty of a Building. But here I muſt tranſverſe *Ovid*:

Materia ſuperabit Opus.

I am,
Honourable Sir,
Your moſt Devoted, and
Humble Servant,

Geo. Farquhar.

PREFACE to the READER.

AN affected Modesty is very often the greatest Vanity, and Authors are sometimes prouder of their Blushes than of the Praises that occasion'd them. I shan't therefore, like a foolish Vigin, fly to be pursued, and deny what I chiefly wish for. I am very willing to acknowledge the Beauties of this Play, especially those of the third Night, which not to be proud of, were the heighth of Impudence: Who is asham'd to value himself upon such Favours, undervalues those who confirm'd them.

As I freely submit to the Criticisms of the Judicious, so I cannot call this an ill Play, since the Town has allow'd it such Success. When they have pardon'd my faults, 'twere very ill manners to condemn their Indulgence. Some may think (my Acquaintance in Town being too slender to make a Party for the Play) that the Success must be deriv'd from the pure Merits of the Cause. I am of another opinion: I have not been long enough in Town to raise Enemies against me; and the English *are still kind to Strangers. I am below the Envy of great Wits, and above the Malice of little ones. I have not displeas'd the Ladies, nor offended the Clergy; both which are now pleas'd to say, that a Comedy may be diverting without Smut and Profaneness.*

Next to these Advantages, the Beauties of Action gave the greatest life to the Play, of which the Town is so sensible, that all will joyn with me in commendation of the Actors, and allow (without detracting from the merit of others) that the Theatre Royal *affords an excellent and compleat set of Comedians. Mr.* Wilks's *performance has set him so far above competition in the part of* Wildair, *that none can pretend to envy the Praise due to his Merit. That he made the Part, will appear from hence, that whenever the Stage has the misfortune to lose him, Sir* Harry Wildair *may go to the Jubilee.*

A great many quarrel at the the Trip to the Jubilee *for a* Misnommer: *I must tell them, that perhaps there are greater Trips in the Play; and when I find that more exact Plays have had better success, I'll talk with the Criticks about* Decorums, *&c. However, if I ever commit another fault of this nature, I'll endeavour to make it more excusable.*

PRO-

PROLOGUE, by a Friend.

POETS will think nothing ſo checks their Fury,
As Wits, Cits, Beaux, and Women for their Jury.
Our Spark's half dead to think what Medly's come,
With blended Judgments to pronounce his Doom.
'Tis all falſe Fear; for in a mingled Pit,
Why, what your grave Don thinks but dully Writ,
His Neighbour i'th' great Wig may take for Wit.
Some Authors court the Few, the Wiſe, if any;
Our Youth's content, if he can reach the many,
Who go with much like Ends to Church, and Play,
Not to obſerve what Prieſts or Poets ſay,
No! no! your Thoughts, like theirs, lie quite another way.
The Ladies ſafe may ſmile: for here's no Slander,
No Smut, no lewd-tongu'd Beau, no double Entendre.
'Tis true, he has a Spark juſt come from *France*,
But then ſo far from Beau——why he talks Senſe!
Like Coin oft carry'd out, but ſeldom brought from thence.
There's yet a Gang to whom our Spark ſubmits,
Your Elbow-ſhaking Fool, that lives by's Wits,
That's only witty tho, juſt as he lives, by fits.
Who, Lion-like, through Bayliffs, ſcours away,
Hunts, in the Face, a Dinner all the Day,
At Night, with empty Bowels, grumbles o're the Play.
And now the modiſh Prentice he implores,
Who, with his Maſter's Caſh, ſtol'n out of Doors,
Imploys it on a Brace of——Honourable Whores;
While their good bulky Mother pleas'd ſits by,
Bawd Regent of the Bubble Gallery.
Next to our mounted Friends we humbly move,
Who all your Side-box Tricks are much above,
And never fail to pay us——with your Love.
Ah Friends! Poor *Dorſet* Garden-houſe is gone.
Our merry Meetings there are all undone:
Quite loſt to us, ſure for ſome ſtrange Miſdeeds
That ſtrong Dog *Sampſon*'s pull'd it o're our Heads,
Snaps Rope like Thread; but when his Fortune's told him,
He'll hear perhaps of Rope will one day hold him:
At leaſt I hope that our good-natur'd Town
Will find a way to pull his Prizes down.
Well, that's all! Now Gentlemen for the Play,
On ſecond Thoughts I've but two words to ſay;
Such as it is for your Delight deſign'd,
Hear it, read, try, judge, and ſpeak as you find.

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE, ſpoken by Mr. *Wilks*.

NOVV all depart, each his reſpective way,
To ſpend an Evening's Chatt upon the Play;
Some to Hippolito's, *one homeward goes,*
And one with loving ſhe retires to th' Roſe.
The amorous Pair in all things frank and free,
Perhaps may ſave the Play, in number three.
The tearing Spark, if Phillis *ought gainſays,*
Breaks th' Drawer's Head, kicks her, and murders Bays.
To Coffee *ſome retreat to ſave their Pockets,*
Others more generous damn the Play at Lockets.
But there, I hope, the Author's Fears are vain,
Malice ne're ſpoke in generous Champain.
That Poet merits an ignoble Death,
VVho fears to fall over a brave Monteth.
The Privilege of VVine we only ask,
You'll taſte again, before you damn the Flask.
Our Author fears not you; but thoſe he may
VVho in cold Blood, murder a Man in Tea.
Thoſe Men of Spleen, who fond the VVorld ſhould know it,
Sit down, and for their two pence *damn a Poet.*
Their Criticiſm's good, that we can ſay fort't,
They underſtand a Play——too well to pay for't.
From Box to Stage, from Stage to Box they run,
Firſt ſteal the Play, then damn it when they've done.
But now to know what Fate may us betide,
Among our Friends in Cornhil *and* Cheapſide:
But thoſe I think have but one Rule for Plays;
They'l ſay they'r good, if ſo the World ſays.
If it ſhould pleaſe them, and their Spouſes know it,
They ſtraight enquire what kind of Man's the Poet.
But from Side-box we dread a fearful Doom,
All the good-natur'd Beaux are gone to Rome.
The Ladies Cenſure I'd almoſt forgot,
Then for a Line or two t' engage their Vote:
But that way's old, below our Author's Aim,
No leſs than his whole Play is Complement to them.
For their ſakes then the Play can't miſs ſucceeding,
Tho Criticks may want Wit, they have good Breeding.
They won't, I'm ſure, forfeit the Ladies Graces,
By ſhewing their ill-nature to their Faces.
Our Buſineſs with good Manners may be done,
Flatter us here, and damn us when you're gone.

Dramatis

Dramatis Perſonæ.

Sir *Harry Wildair*	An airy Gentleman affecting humourous Gaity and Fredom in his Behaviour.	Mr. *Wilks.*
Standard	A disbanded Colonel, brave and generous.	Mr, *Powel.*
Vizard	Outwardly pious, otherwiſe a great Debauchee, and villanous.	Mr. *Mills.*
Smuggler	An old Merchant.	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Clincher	A pert *London* Prentice turn'd Beau, and affecting Travel.	Mr. *Pinkethman.*
Clincher jun.	His Brother, educated in the Country.	Mr. *Bullock.*
Dicky his Man		Mr. *Norris.*
Tom. Errand, a Porter		Mr. *Haines.*

WOMEN.

Lurewell	A Lady of a jilting Temper proceeding from a reſentment of her Wrongs from Men.	Mrs. *Verbruggen.*
Lady *Darling*	An old Lady, Mother to *Angelica.*	Mrs. *Powel.*
Angelica	A Woman of Honour,	Mrs. *Rogers.*
Parly	Maid to *Lurewell.*	Mrs. *Moor.*

Conſtable, Mob, Porter's Wife, Servants, &c.

SCENE, *London.*

THE Constant Couple.

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Park.*

Enter Vizard *with a Letter, Servant following.*

Vizard. ANGELICA send it back unopen'd! say you?

Servant. As you see, Sir.

Viz. The Pride of these vertuous Women is more insufferable, than the immodesty of Prostitutes——After all my Incouragement to slight me thus!

Serv. She said, Sir, that imagining your Morals sincere, she gave you access to her Conversation; but that your late Behaviour in her Company has convinc'd her, that your Love and Religion are both Hypocrisy, and that she believes your Letter like your self, fair on the outside, foul within; so sent it back unopen'd.

Viz. May Obstinacy guard her Beauty till Wrinkles bury it, then may Desire prevail to make her curse that untimely Pride her disappointed Age repents——I'll be reveng'd the very first opportunity——Saw you the old Lady *Darling*, her Mother?

Serv. Yes, Sir, and she was pleas'd to say much in your Commendation.

Viz. That's my Cue——An Esteem grafted in old Age is hardly
Rooted out, Years stiffen their Opinions with their Bodies,
And old Zeal is only to be cozen'd by young Hypocrisy——
Run to the Lady *Lurewell*, and know of her Maid,
Whether her Ladyship will be at home this Evening,
Her Beauty is sufficient Cure for *Angelica's* [illegible]. *Exit Servant.*

(Viz. *Pulls out a Book, reads, and walks about.*)

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. Ay, there's a Pattern for the young Men o'th' times, at his Meditation so early, some Book of pious Ejaculations, I'm sure.

Viz. This *Hobbs* is an excellent Fellow! (*aside*) O Uncle *Smuggler* I to find you in this end o'th' Town is a Miracle.

Smug. I have been a Miracle this morning indeed, Cousin *Vizard.*

Viz. What was it, pray Sir?

Smug. A Man at his Devotion so near the Court—— I'm very glad Boy, that you keep your Sanctity unainted in this infectious place; the very Air of this Park is heathenish, and every Man's Breath I meet scents of Atheism.

Viz. Surely Sir, some great Concern must bring you to this unsanctified end of the Town.

Smug. A very unlucky Concern, truly Cousin.

Viz. What is't?

Smug. A Law-Suit, Boy——Shall I tell you?——My Ship the *Swan* is newly arriv'd from St. *Sebastians*, laden with *Portugal* Wines. Now the impudent Rogue of a Tide-waiter has the face to affirm, 'tis French Wines in Spanish Casks, and has indicted me upon the Statute——O Conscience, Conscience! These Tide-waiters and Surveyors plague us more with their French Wines, than the War did with *French Privateers*——Ay, there's another Plague of the Nation——

Enter Colonel Standard.

A red Coat and Feather.

Viz. Col. *Standard*, I'm your humble Servant.

Stand. May be not, Sir.

Viz. Why so?

Stand. Because——I'm disbanded.

Viz. How? broke!

Stand. This very morning, in *Hide Park*, my brave Regiment, a thousand Men that look'd like Lions yesterday, were scatter'd, and look'd as poor and simple as the Herd of Deer that graz'd beside 'em.

Smug. Tal, al, deral (*singing*) I'll have a Bonfire this night as high as the Monument.

Stand. A Bonfire! thou dry, wither'd, ill nature; had not these brave Fellows Swords defended you, your House had been a Bonfire e're this about your Ears——Did we not venture our Lives, Sir?

Smug. And did not we pay you for your Lives, Sir?——Venture your Lives! I'm sure we ventur'd our Money, and that's Life and Soul to me——Sir, we'll maintain you no longer.

Stand. Then your Wives shall, old *Albion*: there are five and thirty Knapping Officers gone this Morning to live upon free Quarter in the City.

Smug. O Lord! O Lord! I shall have a Son within these nine Months born with a Leading staff in his hand——Sir, you are——

Stand. What Sir?

Smug. Sir, I say that you are——

Stand. What Sir?

Smug. Disbanded Sir, that's all——There my Lawyer yonder. (*Exit.*

Viz. Sir, I'm very sorry for your Misfortune.

Stand. Why so? I don't come to borrow Money of you; if you're my Friend, meet me this Evening at the *Rummer*, I'll pay my Way, drink a Health

to my King, Prosperity to my Country; and away for *Hungary* to morrow morning.

Viz. What! you won't leave us?

Stand. What! a Souldier stay here! to look like an old pair of Colours in *Westminster-Hall*, ragged and rusty! No, no——I met yesterday a broken Lieutenant; he was asham'd to own that he wanted a Dinner, but beg'd eighteen pence of me to buy a new sheath for his Sword.

Viz. O, but you have good Friends, Colonel!

Stan. O very good Friends! my Father's a Lord, and my elder Brother a Beau.

Viz. But your Country may perhaps want your Sword agen.

Stand. Nay for that matter, let but a single Drum beat up for Volunteers between *Ludgate* and *Charing-Cross*, and I shall undoubtedly hear it at the Walls of *Buda*.

Viz. Come, come, Colonel, there are ways of making your Fortune at home——Make your Addresses to the Fair, you're a Man of Honour and Courage.

Stand. Ay, my Courage is like to do me wondrous Service with the Fair: This pretty cross Cut over my Eye will attract a Dutchess——I warrant 'twill be a mighty Grace to my Ogling——Had I us'd the Stratagem of a certain Brother Collonel of mine, I might succeed.

Viz. What was it, pray?

Stand. Why to save his pretty face for the Women, he always turn'd his back upon the Enemy——He was a Man of Honour for the Ladies.

Viz. Come, come, the Loves of *Mars* and *Venus* will never fail, you must get a Mistriss.

Stand. Prithee, no more on't——You have awaken'd a thought, from which and the Kingdom I wou'd have stoln away at once——To be plain, I have a Mistriss.

Viz. And She's cruel

Stand. No.

Viz. Her Parents prevent your Happiness.

Stand. Nor that.

Viz. Then she has no Fortune.

Stand. A large one, Beauty to tempt all mankind, and Virtue to beat off their Assaults. O *Vizard*! such a Creature!—— Hey Day! Who the Devil have we here?

Viz. The Joy of the Play-house, and Life of the Park,

(*Enter Sir* Harry Wildair, *crosses the stage singing, with Footmen after him.*)

Sir *Harry Wildair* newly come from *Paris*.

Stand. Sir *Harry Wildair*! Did not he make a Campain in *Flanders* some three or four years ago?

Viz. The same.

Stand. Why, he behav'd himself very bravely.

Viz. Why not? Do'st think Bravery and Gaiety are inconsistent? He's a Gentleman of most happy Circumstances, born to a plentiful Estate, has had a genteel and easy Education, free from the rigidness of Teachers, and Pedantry of Schools. His florid Constitution being never ruffled by misfortune

not ſtinted in its Pleaſures, has render'd him entertaining to others, and eaſy to himſelf——Turning all Paſſion into Gaiety of Humour, by which he chuſes rather to rejoyce his Friends, than be hated by any one you ſhall ſee.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Ha *Vizard*!

Viz. Sir *Harry*!

Wild. VVho thought to find you out of the *Rubrick* ſo long? I thought thy Hypocriſy had been wedded to a Pulpit Cuſhion long ago——Sir, if I miſtake not your Face, your Name is *Standard*.

Stand. Sir *Harry*, I'm your Humble Servant.

Wild. Come, Gentlemen, the News, the News o'th Town; For I'm juſt arriv'd.

Viz. VVhy, in the City end o'th Town we're playing the Knave to get Eſtates.

Stand. And in the Court end playing the Fool in ſpending 'em.

VVild. Juſt ſo in *Paris*; I'm glad we're grown ſo modiſh.

Viz. VVe are all ſo reform'd, that Gallantry is taken for Vice.

Stand. And Hypocriſy for Religion.

Wild. *Alamode de Paris.* Agen.

Viz. Not one VVhore between *Ludgate* and *Aldgate*.

Stand. But ten times more Cuckolds than ever.

Viz. Nothing like an Oath in the City.

Stand. That's a miſtake; for my Major ſwore a hundred and fifty laſt night to a Merchant's VVife in her Bedchamber.

Wild. P'ſhaw, this is trifling, tell me News, Gentlemen. VVhat Lord has lately broke his Fortune at the Groomporters? or his Heart at *Newmarket*, for the loſs of a Race? VVhat VVife has been lately ſuing in *Doctors-Commons* for Alimony? or what Daughter run away with her Father's *Valet*? What Beau gave the nobleſt Ball at the *Bath*, or had the fineſt Coach in the Ring? I want News, Gentlemen.

Stand. Faith, Sir, theſe are no News at all.

Viz. But pray, Sir *Harry*, tell us ſome News of your Travels.

Wild. With all my heart —— You muſt know then, I went over to *Amſterdam* in a *Dutch* Ship; I there had a *Dutch* Whore for five Stivers: I went from thence to *Leyden*, where I was heartily drub'd in the Battle with the but-end of a *Swiſs* Muſket. I thence went to *Paris*, where I had half a dozen Intreagues, bought half a dozen new Suits, fought a couple of Duels, and here I am agen in *ſtatu quo*.

Viz. But we heard that you deſign'd to make the Tour of *Italy*; What brought you back ſo ſoon?

Wild. That which brought you into the World, and may perhaps carry you out of it; a Woman.

Stand. What! Quit the Pleaſures of Travel for a Woman!——

Wild. Ay, Colonel, for ſuch a Woman! I had rather ſee her *Knell* than the Palace of *Lewis le Grand*: There's more Glory in her Smile, than in the *Jubilee at Rome*; and I would rather kiſs her Hand than the *Pope's Toe*.

Viz. You, Colonel, have been very laviſh in the Beauty and Virtue of your Miſtreſs; and Sir *Harry* here has been no leſs eloquent in the Praiſe of his

Now will I lay you both ten Guineas a piece, that neither of them is so pretty so witty, or so virtuous as mine.

Stand. I'll double it.

Wild. I'll double the Stakes——But, Gentlemen, now I think on't, how shall we be resolv'd? for I know not where my Mistriss may be found; she left *Paris* about a month before me, and I had an account——

Stand. How, Sir! left *Paris* about a month before you!

Wild. Ay, but I know not where, and perhaps mayn't find her this fortnight.

Stand. Her Name, pray, Sir *Harry*.

Viz. Ay, ay, her Name, perhaps we know her.

Wild. Her Name! Ay——She has the softest, whitest Hand that ever was made of Flesh and Blood, her Lips so balmy sweet.

Stand. But her Name, Sir.

Wild. Then her Neck and Breast;—her Breast do so heave, so heave. [*Singing.*

Viz. But her Name, Sir, her Quality?

Wild. Then her Shape, Colonel.

Stand. But her Name I want, Sir.

Wild. Then her Eyes, *Vizard*!

Stand. P'shaw, Sir *Harry*, her Name, or nothing.

Wild. Then if you must have it, she's call'd the Lady——But then her Foot, Gentlemen, she dances to a miracle. *Vizard*, you have certainly lost your Wager.

Viz. Why you have lost your Senses; we shall never discover the Picture unless you subscribe the Name.

Wild. Then her Name is *Lurewell*.

Stand. S'Death, my Mistriss. (*Aside.*

Viz. My Mistriss by *Jupiter*. (*Aside.*

Wild. Do you know her, Gentlemen?

Stand. I have seen her, Sir.

Wild. Can't tell where she lodges? Tell me, dear Colonel.

Stand. Your humble Servant, Sir. (*Exit* Stand.

Wild. Nay, hold Colonel, I'll follow you, and will know. (*Runs out.*

Viz. The Lady *Lurewell* his Mistriss! He loves her. But he loves me——but he's a Baronet, and I plain *Vizard*; he has Coach and six, and I walk a foot; I was bred in *London*, and he in *Paris*——That very Circumstance has murder'd me——Then some Stratagem must be laid to divert his Pretensions.

Re enter Wildair.

Wild. Prithee, *Dick*, what makes the Colonel so out of humour?

Viz. Because he's out of Pay, I suppose.

Wild. S'life that's true, I was beginning to mistrust some Rivalship in the Case.

Viz. And suppose there were, you know the Colonel can fight, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Fight! P'shaw! but he can't dance, ha! We contend for a Woman, *Vizard*!

Wild. I'll win, if Ladies were to be gain'd by Sword and Pistol only, what the Devil should all the Beaux do?

Viz. I'll try him farther (*Aside.*) But won'd not you, Sir *Harry*, fight for this Woman you so admire?

Wild. Fight! Let me consider. I love her, that's true——but then I love honest Sir *Harry Windsor* better. The Lady *Lurewell* is divinely charming——right——but then a Thrust i'th' Guts, or a *Middlesex* Jury, is as ugly as the Devil.

Viz. Ay, Sir *Harry*, 'twere a dangerous Cast for a Beau Baronet to be tried by a parcel of greasy, grumbling, bartering Boobies, who won'd hang you purely because you're a Gentleman.

Wild. Ay, but on t'other hand, I have Mony enough to bribe the Rogues with: So upon mature deliberation, I won'd fight for her——but no more of her. Prithee, *Vizard*, can't you recommend a Friend to a pretty Mistriss by the by, till I can find my own? you have store I'm sure; you cunning poaching Dogs make surer game than we that hunt open and fair. Prithee now, good *Vizard*.

Viz. Let me consider a little——Now Love and Revenge inspire my Politicks. (*Aside.*) *Pauses, whilst* Sir Harry *walks singing.*

Wild. P'shaw! thou'rt as long studying for a new Mistriss, as a Drawer piercing a new Pipe.

Viz. I design a new Pipe for you and wholesome Wine, you'll therefore bear a little expectation.

Wild. Ha! say'st thou, dear *Vizard*.

Viz. A Girl of sixteen, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Now sixteen thousand Blessings light on thee.

Viz. Pretty and Witty.

Wild. Ay, ay, but her Name, *Vizard*.

Viz. Her Name! yes——she has the softest whitest Hand that ever was made of Flesh and Blood, her Lips so balmy sweet.

Wild. Well, well, but where shall I find her, *Man*?

Viz. Find her——but then her Foot, Sir *Harry*; she dances to a Miracle.

Wild. Prithee don't distract me.

Viz. Well then, you must know, that this Lady is the Curiosity and Ambition of the Town; her Name's *Angelica*. She that passes for her Mother is a private Bawd, and call'd the Lady *Darling*, she goes for a *Baronets* Lady (no disparagement to your Honour, *Sir Harry*) I assure you.

Wild. P'shaw, hang my Honour; but what Street, what House?

Viz. Not so fast, Sir *Harry*, you must have my Pasport for your Admittance, and you'l find my Recommendation in a Line or two will procure you very civil entertainment; I suppose 20 or 30 pieces handsomly plac'd will gain the Point; I'll ensure her sound.

Wild. Thou dearest Friend to a man in necessity——Here Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James's*, I'll walk across the Park. (*To his Servant.*

Enter Clincher *Senior.*

Clinch. Here Sirrah, order my Coach about to St. *James's*,

I'll walk across the Park too —— Mr. *Vizard*, your most Devoted —— Sir, (to *Wildair*) I admire the mode of your Shoulder-knot, methinks it hangs very emphatically, and Carries an air of Travel in it; your Sword-knot too is most Ornamentally modish, and bears a foreign Mein. Gentlemen, My Brother is just arriv'd in Town, so that being upon the Wing to kiss his Hands, I hope you'll pardon this abrupt Departure of, Gentlemen, your most Devoted, and most Faithful humble Servant. (*Exit.*

Wild. Prethee, dost know him?

Viz. Know him! why 'tis *Clincher* who was Apprentice To my Uncle *Smuggler*, the *Merchant* in the City.

Wild. What makes him so Gay?

Viz. Why, he's in mourning for his Father, the kind old man In *Hertfordshire* 'tother day broke his Neck a Fox-hunting; the Son upon the news has broke his Indentures, Whip'd from behind the Counter into the side Box, Forswears *Merchandise*, where he must live by Cheating, And usurps Gentility, where he may die by Raking. He keeps his Coach, and Liveries, *brace of Geldings*, *Leash of Mistresses*, talks of nothing but Wines, Intreagues, Plays, Fashions, and *going to the Jubilee*.

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, how many pound of Pulvil must the fellow Use in sweetning himself from the smell of Hops And Tobacco, faugh —— I'my Conscience methought, Like *Olivia*'s Lover, he stunk of *Thames-street*. But now for *Angelica*, That's her name? we'll to the Princesse's Chocolate House, where you shall write my Pasport, Aloons. (*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Lady* Lurewell's *Lodgings.*

Lurewell, and her Maid Parly.

Lurewell. Parly, my pocket Book —— let me see —— *Madrid*, *Venice*, *Paris*, *London* —— ay, *London*! they may talk What they will of the hot Countries, but I find Love Most fruitful under this Climate —— In a Months space Have I gain'd —— let me see, Imprimis, Colonel *Standard*.

Parly. And how will your Ladyship manage him?

Lure. As all Souldiers shou'd be manag'd, he shall serve me Till I gain my ends, then I disband him.

Par. But he loves you, *Madam*,

Lure. Therefore I scorn him, I hate all that don't love me, And slight all that do: would his whole deluding Sex

Admir'd me, thus won'd I fight them all; my Virgin and
Unwary Innocence was wrong'd by faithless Man,
But now glance Eyes, plot Brain, dissemble Face,
Lye Tongue, and be a second *Eve* to tempt, seduce, and
Damn the treacherous kind —— Let me survey my Captives ——
The *Colonel* leads the Van, next Mr. *Vizard*, he courts me
Out of the Practice of Piety, therefore is a Hypocrite;
Then *Clincher* he adores me with Orangery, and is
Consequently a Fool; then my old Merchant, Alderman
Smuggler, he's a Compound of both —— out of which
Medley of Lovers, if I don't make good Diversion —— What d'ye think *Parly*?

Parl. I think, Madam, I'm like to be very virtuous in your Service,
If you teach me all those Tricks that you use to your Lovers.

Lure. You're a Fool, Child; observe this, that tho a Woman swear, forswear, lie, dissemble, backbite, be proud, vain, malitious, any thing, if she secures the main Chance, she's still virtuous, That's a *Maxim*.

Parl. I can't be perswaded tho, *Madam*, but that you really lov'd *Sir* Harry Wildair *in Paris*.

Lure. Of all the Lovers I ever had, he was my greatest Plague, for I con'd never make him uneasy; I left him involv'd in a Duel upon my Account, I long to know whether the Fop be kill'd or not.

Enter Standard.

O Lord, no sooner talk of killing, but the Souldier is conjur'd up; you're upon hard Duty Colonel, to serve your King, your Country, and a Mistriss too.

Stand. The latter, I must confess, is the hardest; for in War, *Madam*, we can be relieved in our Duty: but in Love who wou'd take our Post, is our Enemy; Emulation in Glory is transporting, but Rivals here intolerable.

Lure. Those that bear away the Prize in the Field, should boast the same success in the Bed-chamber; and I think, considering the weakness of our Sex, we should make those our Companions who can be our Champions.

Stand. I once, *Madam*, hop'd the Honour of defending you from all Injuries thro a Title to your lovely Person, but now my Love must attend my Fortune. This Commission, *Madam*, was my Pasport to the Fair; adding a nobleness to my Passion, it stampt a value on my Love; 'twas once the life of Honour, but now its Hearse, and with it must my Love be buried.

Parl. What! Disbanded, Colonel?

Stand. Yes, Mrs. *Parly*.

Parl. Faugh, the nauseous Fellow, he stinks of Poverty already. (*aside.*

Lure His misfortune troubles me, 'cause it may prevent my designs. (*aside.*

Stand. I'll chuse, *Madam*, rather to destroy my Passion by absence abroad, than have it starv'd at home.

Lure. I'm sorry, Sir, you have so mean an Opinion of my Affection, as to imagine it founded upon your Fortune.

And

And to convince you of your mistake, here I vow by all that's Sacred, I own the same Affection now as before. Let it suffice, my Fortune is considerable.

Stand. No, Madam, no, I'll never be a charge to her I love: The Man that sells himself for Gold is the worst of Prostitutes.

Lure. Now were he any other Creature but a Man, I cou'd love him. (*aside.*

Stand. This only last request I make, that no Title recommend a Fool, Office introduce a Knave, nor a Coat a Coward to my place in your Affections; so farewell my Country, and adieu my Love. (*Exit.*

Lure. Now the Devil take thee for being so honourable; Here *Parly*, call him back, I shall lose half my Diversion Else; now for a trial of Skill. *Re-enter* Colonel. Sir, I hope you'll pardon my Curiosity, When do you take your Journey?

Stand. To morrow Morning, early, Madam.

Lure. So suddenly! Which way are you design'd to travel?

Stand. That I can't yet resolve on.

Lure. Pray, Sir, tell me, pray Sir, I intreat you, Why are you so obstinate?

Stand. Why are you so curious, Madam?

Lure. Because———

Stand. What?

Lure. Because, I, I,———

Stand. Because! What, Madam?——pray tell me.

Lure. Because I design—— to follow you. (*crying.*

Stand. Follow me! by all that's great! I ne're was proud Before, but Love from such a Creature might Swell the vanity of the proudest Prince; follow me! By Heavens thou shalt not. What! expose thee to the Hazards of a Camp ——Rather I'll stay, and here bear The Contempt of Fools, and worst of Fortune.

Lure. You need not, shall not, my Estate for both is sufficient.

Stand. Thy Estate! no, I'll turn a Knave and purchase one my self; I'll cringe to that proud Man I undermine, and fawn on him that I wou'd bite to death; I'll tip my Tongue with Flattery, and smooth my Face with Smiles; I'll turn Pimp, Informer, Office-broker, nay Coward, to be great; and Sacrifice it all to thee, my generous Fair.

Lure. And I'll dissemble, lye, swear, jilt, any thing but I'd reward thy Love, and recompence thy noble Passion.

Stand. Sir *Harry*, ha! ha! ha, poor Sir *Harry*, ha, ha, ha. Rather kiss her Hand than the Pope's Toe, ha, ha, ha.

Lure. What Sir *Harry*? Colonel, What Sir *Harry*!

Stand. Sir *Harry Wildair*, Madam———

Lure. What! is he come over?

Stand. Ay, and he told me——but I don't believe a Syllable on't.

Lure. What did he tell you?

Stand. Only call'd you his Mistriss, and pretending to be extravagant in your Commendation, would vainly insinuate the praise of his own Judgment and good Fortune in a Choice——

Lure. How easily is the vanity of Fops tickled by our Sex!

Stand. Why, your Sex is the vanity of Fops.

Lure. O' my Conscience I believe so; this Gentleman, because he danc'd well, I pitch'd on for a Partner at a Ball in *Paris*, and ever since he has so persecuted me with Letters, Songs, Dances, Serenading, Flattery, Foppery, and Noise, that I was forc'd to fly the Kingdom——— And I warrant you he made you jealous.

Stand. Faith, Madam, I was a little uneasy.

Lure. You shall have a plentiful Revenge, I'll send him back all his foolish Letters, Songs and Verses, and you your self shall carry 'em, 'twill afford you opportunity of triumphing, and free me from his farther impertinence; for of all Men he's my Aversion. I'll run and fetch them instantly.

Stand. Dear Madam, a rare Project, how I shall bait him like *Albion*, with his own Dogs——Well, Mrs. *Parley*, 'tis order'd by *Act of Parliament*, that you receive no more pieces, Mrs. *Parley*———

Parl. 'Tis provided by the same Act, that you send no more Messages by me good Colonel; you must not pretend to send any more Letters, unless you can pay the Postage.

Stand. Come, come! don't be Mercenary, take example by your Lady, be Honourable.

Parl. A lack a day, Sir, it shows as ridiculous and haughty for us to imitate our Betters in their Honour, as in their Finery; leave Honour to Nobility that can support it: we poor Folks, Colonel, have no pretence to't; and truly, I think, Sir, that your Honour shou'd be cashier'd with your Leading-staff.

Stand. 'Tis one of the greatest curses of Poverty, to be the Jest of Chamber-maids!

Enter Lurewell.

Lure. Here's the Packet Colonel, the whole Magazine of Love's Artillery. (*gives him the Packet*

Stand. Which since I have gain'd, I will turn upon the Enemy; Madam, I'll bring you the News of my Victory this Evening. Poor Sir *Harry*? ha, ha, ha. (*Exit.*

Lure. To the right about as you were, march Colonel: ha, ha, ha.

Vain Man, who boasts of study'd Parts and Wiles;
Nature in us your deepest Art beguiles,
Stamping deep Cunning in our Frowns and Smiles.
You toil for Art, your Intellects you trate;
Woman, without a Thought, bears Policy in her Face.

ACT II.

ACT II.

SCENE, Clincher *Junior's* Lodgings.

Enter Clincher *opening a Letter*, *Servant following.*

Clin.—reads. Dear Brother;

I *Will see you presently, I have sent this Lad to wait on you, he can instruct you in the Fashions of the Town; I am your affectionate Brother,*

Clincher.

Very well, and what's your Name, Sir?

Dick. My Name is *Dicky*, Sir.

Clin. Dicky!

Dick. Ay, *Dicky*, Sir.

Clin. Very well, a pretty Name! And what can you do Mr. *Dicky?*

Dick. Why Sir I can powder a Wig, and pick up a Whore.

Clin. O Lord! O Lord! a Whore! Why are there many Whores in this Town?

Dick. Ha, ha, ha, many Whores! there's a Question indeed; why Sir, there are above five hundred Surgeons in Town——Harkee, Sir, do you see that Woman there in the Velvet Scarf, and red Knots?

Clin. Ay, Sir, What then?

Dick. Why she shall be at your Service in three minutes,
As I'm a Pimp.

Clin. O *Jupiter Ammon!* why she's a Gentlewoman.

Dick. A Gentlewoman! Why so are all the Whores in Town, Sir.

Enter Clincher *Senior.*

Clin. sen. Brother, you'r welcome to *London!*

Clin. jun. I thought, Brother, you ow'd so much to the Memory of my Father, as to wear Mourning for his Death.

Clin. sen. Why so I do, Fool, I wear this because I have the Estate,
And you wear that, because you have not the Estate.
You have cause to mourn indeed, Brother. Well Brother,
I'm glad to see you, fare you well. (*going.*

Clin. jun. Stay, stay Brother, where are you going?

Clin. sen. How natural 'tis for a Country Booby to ask impertinent Questions. Harkee, Sir, is not my Father dead?

Clin. jun. Ay, ay, to my sorrow.

Clin. sen. No matter for that, he is dead, and am not I a young powder'd extravagant English Heir?

Clin. jun. Very right, Sir.

Clin. sen. Why then, Sir, you may be sure that I am going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Clin. jun. *Jubilee!* What's that?

Clin. sen. *Jubilee!* Why the *Jubilee* is——faith I don't know what it is.

Dick. Why the *Jubilee* is the same thing with our *Lord Mayors* Day in the City; there will be *Pageants*, and *Squibs*, and *Rare Shows*, and all that Sir.

Clin. jun. And must you go so soon Brother?

Clin. sen. Yes, Sir, for I must stay a Month in *Amsterdam*, to study Poetry.

Clin. jun. Then I suppose, Brother, you travel through *Muscovy* to learn Fashions, Don't you, Brother?

Clin. sen. Brother! Prithee *Robin* don't call me Brother; Sir will do every jot as well.

Clin. jun. O *Jupiter Ammon!* Why so?

Clin. sen. Because People will imagin that you have a spight at me——But have you seen your Cousin *Angelica* yet, and her Mother the Lady *Darling*?

Clin. jun. No, my Dancing Master has not been with me yet: How shall I salute them, Brother?

Clin. sen. P'shaw, that's easie, 'tis only two Scrapes, a Kiss, and your humble Servant; I'll tell you more when I come from the *Jubilee*. Come along.

(*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Lady Darlings House.*

Enter Wildair *with a Letter.*

Wild. *Like Light and Heat incorporate we lay,*
We bless the Night, and curst the coming Day.

Well, if this Paper-kite flies sure, I'm secure of my Game——*Hump!* the prettiest *Bordel* I have seen, a very stately genteel one (*Footmen cross the Stage*) Hey day! Equipage too! Now for a Bawd by the *Curtesy*, and a Whore with a *Coat of Arms*——s'Death, I'm afraid I've mistaken the House.

(*Enter Lady* Darling.)

No, this must be the Bawd by her Bulk.

Darl. Your Business, pray Sir?

Wild. Pleasure, Madam.

Darl. Then, Sir, you have no business here.

Wild. This Letter, Madam, will inform you further; Mr. *Vizard* sent it, with his humble Service to your Ladyship.

Darl. How does my Cousin, Sir?

Wild. Ay, her Cousin too, that's right Procuress agen.

Darl. Reads.

Madam——

Earnest Inclination to serve——Sir Harry——Madam——Court my Cousin——Gentleman——Fortune——. Your Ladyship's most humble Servant,

Vizard.

Sir,

Sir, your Fortune and Quality are sufficient to recommend you any where; but what goes farther with me, is the recommendation of so sober and pious a young Gentleman as Cousin *Vizard*.

Wild. A right sanctified Bawd o' my word.

Darl. Sir *Harry*, your Conversation with Mr. *Vizard* argues you a Gentleman, free from the loose and vicious Carriage of the Town; I'll therefore call my Daughter. (*Exit.*

Wild. Now go thy way for an illustrious Bawd of *Babylon*——She dresses up a Sin so religiously, that the Devil wou'd hardly know it of his making.

Re-enter Darling *with* Angelica.

Darl. Pray Daughter use him civily, such Matches won't offer every Day. (*Exit.*

Wild. O all ye Powers of Love! an Angel! S'Death, what Money have I got in my Pocket, I can't offer her less than twenty Guineas——and by *Jupiter* she's worth a hundred.

Angel. 'Tis he! the very same! and his Person as agreeable as his Character of good Humour——Pray Heav'n his Silence proceed from respect.

Wild. How innocent she looks! how wou'd that Modesty adorn
Virtue, when it makes even Vice look so charming!——
By Heav'n there is such a commanding Innocence in her looks,
That I dare not ask the Question.

Angel. Now all the Charms of real Love and feign'd Indifference assist me to engage his Heart, for mine is lost already.

Wild. *Madam*——I, I——*Zoons*, I cannot speak to her——But she's a Whore, and I will——Madam in short, I, I——O Hypocrisy, Hypocrisy! What a charming Sin art thou?

Angel. He is caught, now to secure my Conquest——I thought Sir, you had business to impart.

Wild. Business to impart! how nicely she words it! Yes Madam, Don't you, don't you love singing Birds, Madam?

Angel. That's an odd Question for a Lover——Yes, Sir.

Wild. Why then *Madam*, here is a Nest of the prettiest Goldfinches that ever chirpt in a Cage; twenty young ones, I assure you Madam.

Angel. Twenty young ones! What then, Sir?

Wild. Why then Madam, there are twenty young ones——S'Life I think twenty is pretty fair.

Angel. He's mad sure——Sir *Harry*, when you have learn'd more Wit and Manners, you shall be welcome here agen.

Wild. Wit and Manners!——I Gad now I conceive there is a great deal of Wit and Manners in twenty Guineas——I'm sure 'tis all the Wit and Manners I have about me at present. What shall I do?

Enter Clincher *junior*, *and* Dicky.

What the Devil's here? another Cousin I warrant ye! Harkee Sir, can you

lend

lend me ten or a dozen Guineas inſtantly? I'll pay you fifteen for them in three hours upon my Honour.

Clin. jun. Theſe *London* Sparks are plaguy impudent! this Fellow by his Wig and Aſſurance can be no leſs than a Courtier.

Dick. He's rather a Courtier by his borrowing.

Clin. jun. Faith Sir, I han't above five Guineas about me.

Wild. What buſineſs have you here then Sir, for to my knowledge twenty won't be ſufficient.

Clin. jun. Sufficient! for what Sir?

Wild. What Sir? Why, for that Sir, what the Devil ſhould it be, Sir, I know your buſineſs notwithſtanding all your Gravity, Sir.

Clin. jun. My Buſineſs! why my Couſin lives here.

Wild. I know your Couſin does live there, and *Vizard's* Couſin, and Couſin, and every Bodies Couſin—— Harkee Sir, I ſhall return immediately, and if you offer to touch her till I come back, I ſhall cut your Throat, Raſcal.

(*Exit.*

Clin. Why the Man's mad ſure.

Dic. Mad, Sir, ay; why he's a Beau.

Clin. A Beau! what's that! are all Madmen Beaux?

Dic. No Sir, but moſt Beaux are Madmen. But now for your Couſin; remember your three Scrapes, a Kiſs, and your humble Servant.

(*Exeunt, as into the Houſe.*

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Wildair, *Colonel following.*

Stand. SIR *Harry*, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. I'm in haſte, Colonel, beſides, if you're in no better humour than when I parted with you in the Park this morning, your Company won't be very agreeable.

Stand. You're a happy man, Sir *Harry*, who are never out of humour: Can nothing move your Gall, Sir *Harry*?

Wild. Nothing but Impoſſibilities, which are the ſame as nothing.

Stand. What Impoſſibilities?

Wild. The Reſurrection of my Father to diſinherit me, an Act of Parliament againſt Wenching. A man of eight thouſand Pounds *per Annum* to be vext! No, no, Anger and Spleen are Companions for younger Brothers.

Stand. Suppoſe one call'd you Son of a Whore behind your back.

Wild. Why then you'd I call him Raſcal behind his back, and ſo we're even.

Stand. But ſuppoſe you had loſt a Miſtriſs.

Wild. Why then I wou'd get another.

Stand. But ſuppoſe you were diſcarded by the Woman you love, that wou'd ſurely trouble you.

Wild.

Wild. You're mistaken, Colonel, my Love is neither romantically honourable, nor meanly mercenary, 'tis only a pitch of Gratitude; while she loves me, I love her; when she desists, the Obligation's void.

Stand. But to be mistaken in your Opinion, Sir, if the Lady *Lurewell* (only suppose it) had discarded you —— I say only suppose it——and had sent your Discharge by me.

Wild. P'shaw! that's another Impossibility.

Stand. Are you sure of that?

Wild. Why 'twere a Solœcism in Nature, we're Finger and Thumb, Sir. She dances with we, sings with me, plays with me, swears with me, lies with me.

Stand. How Sir?

Wild I mean in an honourable way, that is, she lies for me. In short, we are as like one another as a couple of Guineas.

Stand. Now that I have rais'd you to the highest Pinnacle of Vanity, will I give you so mortifying a Fall, as shall dash your hopes to pieces—— I pray your Honour to peruse these Papers. (*Gives him the Packet.*

Wild. What is't, the Muster Roll of your Regiment, Colonel?

Stand. No, no, 'tis a List of your Forces in your last Love Campaign; and for your comfort all disbanded.

Wild. Prithee, good *Metaphorical* Colonel, what d'ye mean?

Stand. Read, Sir, read, these are the *Sybils* Leaves that will unfold your Destiny.

Wild. So it be not a false Deed to cheat me of my Estate, what care I—— [*opening the Packet*] *Humph!* my Hand! to the Lady *Lurewell*——to the Lady *Lurewell*,——to the Lady *Lurewell*——What Devil hast thou been tampering with to conjure up these Spirits?

Stand. A certain Familiar of your Acquaintance, Sir.

Wild. (*reading*) ——*Madam*, my Passion —— so natural —— your Beauty contending ——Force of Charms —— *Mankind* ——Eternal Admirer *Wildair!* ——

I never was asham'd of my Name before.

Stand. What, Sir *Harry Wildair* out of humour, ha ha, ha, poor Sir *Harry*; more Glory in her Smile than in the Jubilee at *Rome*, ha, ha, ha; but then her Foot, Sir *Harry*, she dances to a miracle! ha, ha, ha! Fy, Sir *Harry*, a *Man* of your Parts write Letters not worth a keeping! What say'st thou, my dear Knight Errant? ha, ha, ha; you may go seek Adventures now indeed.

Wild. sings ——Let her wander, *&c.*

Stand. You are jilted to some tune, Sir, blown up with false *Musick*, that's all.

Wild. Now why should I be angry that a Woman is a Woman? since Inconstancy and Falshood are grounded in their Natures, how can they help it?

Stand. Then they must be grounded in your Nature; for you and she are Finger and Thumb, Sir.

Wild. Here's a Copy of Verses too, I must turn Poet in the Devil's name—— Stay——S'death, what's here? This is her Hand——Oh the charming Characters! *My dear Wildair.* (*reading*) *That's I* ——this huff bluff Colonel——

that's

that's he —— is the rarest Fool in Nature ——— *the Devil be is* ! and as such have I us'd him ——— *with all my heart faith* ——— I had no better way of letting you know that I lodg in *Pall Mall* near the Holy Lamb —— Colonel, I'm your most humble Servant.

Stand. Hold; Sir, you shan't go yet, I han't delivered half my message.

Wild. Upon my faith but you have, Colonel.

Stand. Well, well, own your Spleen, out with it, I know you're like to burst.

Wild. I am so, by Gad, ha, ha, ha. (*Laugh, and point at one another.*

Stand. Ay, with all my heart, ha, ha. Well, well, that's all forc'd, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. I was never better pleas'd in all my Life, by *Jupiter*.

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, 'tis prudence to hide your Concern, when there's no help for t——: but to be serious now, the Lady has sent you back all your Papers there —— I was so just as not to look upon 'em.

Wild. I'm glad on't, Sir; for there were some things that I would not have you see.

Stand. All this she has done for my sake, and I desire you would decline any farther Pretensions for your own sake. So honest, good natur'd Sir *Harry*, I'm your humble Servant. (*Exit.*

Wild. Ha, ha, ha, poor Colonel! —— O the delight of an ingenious mistriss! what a life and briskness it adds to an Amour, like the Loves of mighty *Jove*, still suing in different shapes. A *Legerdemain Mistriss*, who, *presto, pass*, and she's vanish'd, then *Hey*, in an instant in your Arms again. (*Going.*

Enter Vizard.

Viz. Well met, Sir *Harry*, what news from the Island of Love?

Wild. Faith we made but a broken Voyage by your Card; but now I am bound for another Port: I told you the Colonel was my Rival.

Viz. The Colonel! curs'd *Misfortune*! another! (*Aside.*

Wild. But the civilest in the world, he brought me word where my Mistriss lodges; the Story's too long to tell you now, for I must fly.

Viz. What! have you given over all thoughts of *Angelica*?

Wild. No, no, I'll think of her some other time. But now for the Lady *Lurewell*; Wit and Beauty calls.

That Mistriss we're can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whose Wit can whet, when e're her Beauty cloys.
Her little amorous Frauds all Truths excel;
And make us happy, being deceiv'd so well. (*Exit.*

Viz. solus —— The Colonel my Rival too! how shall I manage? There is but one way ——— him and the Knight will I set a tilting, where one cuts t'others Throat, and the Survivor's hang'd: So there will be two Rivals pretty decently dispos'd of. Since Honour may oblige them to play the Fool, why should not Necessity engage me to play the Knave? (*Exit.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *Lurewel's Lodgings.*

Lurewell and Parly.

Lure. HAS my Servant brought me the Money from my Merchant?

Parl. No, Madam, he met Alderman *Smuggler* at *Charing-Cross*, who has promis'd to wait on you himself immediately.

Lure. 'Tis odd, that this old Rogue shou'd pretend to love me, and at the same time cheat me of my Money.

Parl. 'Tis well, Madam, if he don't cheat you of your Estate, for you say, the Writings are in his hands.

Lure. But what satisfaction can I get of him?

Enter Smuggler.

Mr. Alderman, your Servant, have you brought me any Money, Sir?

Smug. Faith, Madam, trading is very dead; what with paying the Taxes, raising the Customs, Losses at Sea abroad, and maintaining our Wives at home, the Bank is reduc'd very low.

Lure. Come, come, Sir, these Evasions won't serve your turn, I must have Money, Sir,——I hope you don't design to cheat me.

Smug. Cheat you, Madam! have a care what you say; I'm an Alderman, Madam; cheat you, Madam! I have been an honest Citizen these five and thirty years!

Lure. An honest Citizen! bear witness, *Parly!* I shall trap him in more Lies presently——Come, Sir, tho I'm a Woman, I can take a course.

Smug. What course, Madam? You'l go to Law, will ye? I can maintain a Suit of Law, be it right or wrong, these forty years, I'm sure of that, thanks to the honest Practice of the Courts.

Lure. Sir, I'll blast your Reputation, and so ruin your Credit.

Smug. Blast my Reputation! he, he, he: why I'm a Religious Man, Madam, I have been very instrumental in the Reformation of Manners; ruin my Credit! ah, poor Woman: There is but one way, Madam,——you have a sweet leering Eye.

Lure. You instrumental in the Reformation! How?

Smug. I whipt all the Whores Cut and Long-Tail, out of the Parish——Ah! that leering Eye! *Then I voted for pulling down the Play-house*:——Ah that Ogle, that Ogle! ——*Then my own pious Example*——Ah that Lip, that Lip.

Lure. Here's a Religious Rogue for you now!——as I hope to be sav'd I have a good mind to beat the old Monster.

Smug. Madam, I have brought you about a hundred and fifty Guinea's (a great deal of Money as times go) and——

Lure. Come, give it me.

Smug. Ah that hand, that hand, that pretty soft, white——I have brought it you see, but the condition of the Obligation is such, that whereas that leering Eye, that pouting Lip, that pretty soft Hand, that ——you understand me, you understand I'm sure you do, you little Rogue——

Lure. Here's a Villain now, so covetous, that he won't wench upon his own

Coſt, but would bribe me with my own Mony. I will be reveng'd.——Upon my word *Mr.* Alderman you make me bluſh, what d'ye mean, pray?

Smug. See here, Madam (*Puts a piece of Mony in her Mouth*) *Buſs and Guinea, buſs and Guinea, buſs and Guinea.*

Lure. Well, *Mr.* Alderman, you have ſuch pretty yellow Teeth, and green Gums, that I will, ha, ha, ha, in.

Smug. Will you indeed, he, he, he, my little Cocket; and when, and where, and how?

Lure. 'Twill be a difficult point, Sir, to ſecure both our Honours, you muſt therefore be diſguis'd, *Mr.* Alderman.

Smug. P'ſhaw! no matter, I am an old Fornicator, I'm not half ſo Religious as I ſeem to be. You little Rogue, why I'm diſguis'd as I am, our Sanctity is all outſide, all Hypocriſy.

Lure. No man is ſeen to come into this Houſe after Night fall; you muſt therefore ſneak in, when 'tis dark, in Woman's Cloaths.

Smug. I gad ſo, cod ſo——I have a Suit a purpoſe, my little Cocket, I love to be diſguis'd, I cod I make a very handſom Woman, I cod I do.

Enter Servant, whiſpers Lurewell.

Lure. Oh! Mr. Alderman, ſhall I beg you to walk into next Room, here are ſome Strangers coming up.

Smug. Buſs and Guinea firſt, ah my little Cocket. (*Exit.*

Enter Wildair.

Wild. *My Life, my Soul, my all that Heaven can give:*

Lure. *Death's Life with thee, without thee Death to live.*

Welcome, my dear Sir *Harry*, I ſee you got my Directions.

Wild. Directions! in the moſt charming manner, thou dear *Machiavel* of Intreague.

Lure. Still brisk and airy I find, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. The ſight of you, Madam, exalts my Air, and makes Joy lighten in my Face.

Lure. I have a thouſand Queſtions to aſk you, Sir *Harry*; How d'ye like *France*?

Wild. Ah! eſt le plus beau pais du monde.

Lure. Then what made you leave it ſo ſoon?

Wild. Madam, Vous Voyez que je vous ſuy partout.

Lure. O Monſieur, je veuz ſuis fort obligee——But where's the Court now?

Wild. At *Marli*, Madam.

Lure. And where my Count *Le Valier*?

Wild. His Body's in the Church of *Noſtre Dame*, I don't know where his Soul is.

Lure. What Diſeaſe did he dye of?

Wild. A *Duel*, Madam, I was his *Doctor*.

Lure. How d'ye mean?

Wild. As moſt Doctors do, I kill'd him.

Lure.

Lure. *En Cavalier*, my dear Knight Errant, well, and how? And how, what Intreagues, what Gallantries are carrying on in the *Beau Monde*?

Wild. I should ask you that Question, Madam, since your Ladyship makes the *Beau Monde* wherever you come.

Lure. Ah! Sir *Harry*, I've been almost ruin'd, pester'd to death here by the incessant Attacks of a mighty Colonel, he has besieg'd me as close as our Army did *Namur*.

Wild. I hope your Ladyship did not surrender tho.

Lure. No, no, but was forc'd to capitulate; but since you are come to raise the Siege, we'll dance, and sing, and laugh.

Wild. And love, and kiss——*Montrez moy votre Chambre.*

Lure. *Attande, Attande, en peu*——I remember, Sir *Harry*, you promis'd me in *Paris* never to ask that impertinent Question agen.

Wild. P'shaw, Madam, that was above two months ago; besides, Madam, Treaties made in *France* are never kept.

Lure. Wou'd you marry me, Sir *Harry*.

Wild. Oh! *Le marriage est une grand male*——but I will marry you.

Lure. Your Word, Sir, is not to be rely'd on: if a Gentleman will forfeit his Honour in Dealings of Business, we may reasonably suspect his Fidelity in an Amour.

Wild. My Honour in Dealings of Business! why, Madam, I never had any business in all my life.

Lure. Yes, Sir *Harry*, I have heard a very odd Story, and am sorry that a Gentleman of your Figure should undergo the Scandal.

Wild. Out with it, Madam.

Lure. Why the Merchant, Sir, that transmitted your Bills of Exchange to you in *France*, complains of some indirect and dishonourable Dealings.

Wild. Who, old *Smuggler*!

Lure. Ay, ay, you know him I find.

Wild. I have no less than reason, I think; why the Rogue has cheated me of above five hundred pou[illegible]thin these three years.

Lure. 'Tis your business then to acquit your self publickly; for he spreads the Scandal every where.

Wild. Acquit my self publickly!——Here Sirrah, my Coach, I'll drive instantly into the City, and Cane the old Villain round the *Royal Exchange*; he shall run the Gaunlet through a thousand brusht Beavers and formal Cravats.

Lure. Why he is in the House now, Sir.

Wild. What, in this House?

Lure. Ay, in the next Room.

Wild. Then, Sirrah, lend me your Cudgel.

Lure. Sir *Harry*, you won't raise a Disturbance in my House?

Wild. Disturbance, Madam, No, no, I'll beat him with the Temper of a Philosopher; here, Mrs. *Parly*, shew me the Gentleman. (*Exit with* Parly.

Lure. Now shall I get the old Monster well beaten, and Sir *Harry* pester'd next Term with Bloodsheds, Batteries, Costs and Damages, Sollicitors and Attornies; and if they don't teize him out of his good humour, I'll never plot agen. (*Exit.*

SCENE, *Changes to another Room in the ſame Houſe.*

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. O This damn'd Tide-waiter! A Ship and Cargo worth five thouſand pound! why 'tis richly worth five hundred Perjuries.

Enter Wildair.

Wild. Dear Mr. Alderman, I'm your moſt devoted and humble Servant.

Smug. My beſt Friend Sir *Harry*, you're welcome to *England*.

Wild. I'll aſſure you, Sir, there's not a Man in the King's Dominions I'm gladder to meet.

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you Travellers have the moſt obliging ways with you.

Wild. There is a Buſineſs Mr. Alderman fall'n out, which you may oblige me infinitely by———I am very ſorry that I'm forc'd to be troubleſome; but neceſſity, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Ay, Sir, as you ſay neceſſity ———But upon my word, Sir, I am very ſhort of Mony at preſent, but——

Wild. That's not the matter, Sir, I'm above an Obligation that way, but the Buſineſs is, I am reduc'd to an indiſpenſible neceſſity of being oblig'd to you for a Beating——Here take this Cudgel.

Smug. A Beating Sir *Harry!* ha, ha, ha, I beat a Knight Baronet! an Alderman turn Cudgel-Player, ha, ha, ha.

Wild. Upon my word, Sir, you muſt beat me, or I cudgel you, take your choice.

Smug. P'ſhaw, p'ſhaw, you jeſt.

Wild. Nay, 'tis as ſure as fate; ſo A[illegible]an I hope you'll pardon my Curioſity.

Smug. Curioſity! Duce take your Curioſity, Sir, what d'ye mean.

Wild. Nothing at all, I'm but in jeſt, Sir.

Smug. O, I can take any thing in jeſt, but a Man might imagine by the ſmartneſs of the Stroak, that you were in down right earneſt.

Wild. Not in the leaſt, Sir, (*ſtrikes him.*) not in the leaſt indeed Sir.

Smug. Pray good Sir, no more of your Jeſts, for they are the blunteſt Jeſts that I ever knew.

Wild. (*ſtrikes*) I heartily beg your Pardon with all my Heart, Sir.

Smug. Pardon Sir, well Sir, that is ſatisfaction enough from a Gentleman; but ſeriouſly now if you paſs any more of your Jeſts upon me, I ſhall grow angry.

Wild. I humbly beg your permiſſion to break one or two more. (*ſtriking him.*

Smug. O Lord, Sir, you'll break my Bones: are you mad Sir; Murder, Felony, Manſlaughter, (*Wild. knocks him down.*

Wild.

Wild. Sir, I beg you ten thousand Pardons; but I am absolutely compell'd to't upon my Honour, Sir; nothing can be more averse to my Inclinations, than to jest with my honest, dear, loving, obliging Friend, the Alderman.

(*Striking him all this while,* Smuggler *tumbles over and over, and shakes out his Pocket-book on the Floor*; Lurewell *enters, takes it up.*)

Lure. The old Rogues's Pocket-book, this may be of use. (*aside.*
O Lord, Sir *Harry*'s murdering the poor old Man———

Smug. O dear Madam, I was beaten in jest, 'till I am murder'd in good earnest.

Lure. Well, well, I'll bring you off *Senior*———*Frapez, Frapez.*

Smug. O for Charity's sake, Madam, rescue a poor Citizen.

Lure. O you barbarous Man, hold, hold, *Frapez, plus rudament, Frapez,* I wonder you are not asham'd, (*holding* Wild.
A poor reverend honest Elder——— (*helps* Smug. *up*
It makes me weep to see him in this Condition, poor Man!
Now the Devil take you Sir *Harry*———For not beating
Him harder: Well, my Dear, you shall come at Night, and
I'll make you amends. (*Here Sir* Harry *takes Snush.*

Smug. Madam I will have amends before I leave the Place, Sir; How durst you use me thus?

Wild. Sir?

Smug. Sir, *I* say that *I* will have satisfaction

Wild. With all my Heart. (*Throws Snush into his Eyes.*

Smug. O, Murder, Blind[illegible] Fire; O Madam, Madam, get me some Water, Water, Fire, Fire, Water. (*Exit, with* Lurewel.

Wild. How pleasant is resenting an Injury without Passion:
'Tis the Beauty of Revenge.

Let Statesmen plot, and under Business groan,
And settling publick Quiet lose their own;
Let Soldiers drudge and fight for Pay or Fame,
For when they're shot, I think 'tis much the same.
Let Scholars vex their Brains with Mood and Tense,
And mad with strength of Reason, Fools Commence.
Losing their Wits in searching after Sense,
Their Summum Bonum *they must toil to gain,*
And seeking Pleasure, spend their Life in Pain.
I make the most of Life, no hour misspend,
Pleasure's the Means, and Pleasure is my End.
No Spleen, no Trouble shall my time destroy.
Life's but a Span; I'll every Inch enjoy. (Exit.

ACT

ACT. III.

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Standard *and* Vizard.

Stand. I Bring him word where he lodg'd! I the Civileſt Rival in the World! 'tis impoſſible.

Viz. I ſhall urge it no further, Sir; I only thought Sir,
That my Character in the World might add Authority
To my Words without ſo many Repetitions.

Stand. Pardon me, Dear *Vizard*——Our Belief ſtruggles hard,
Before it can be brought to yield to the Diſadvantage
Of what we love; 'tis ſo great an Abuſe to our Judgment,
That it makes the Faults of our Choice our own failing:
But what ſaid Sir *Harry*?

Viz. He pitied the poor credulous Colonel, laugh'd heartily,
Flew away with all the Raptures of a Bridegroom repeating theſe Lines.

A Miſtriſs ne're can pall her Lover's Joys,
Whoſe Wit can whet when e're her Beauty cloys.

Stand. A Miſtriſs ne're can pall! By all my Wrongs he whores her! and I'm made their Property, Vengeance! *Vizard*, you muſt carry a Note from me to Sir *Harry*.

Viz. What! a Challenge! I hope you don't deſign to fight?

Stand. What! wear the Livery of my King and Pocket an Affront! 'twere an abuſe to his Sacred Majeſty, a Souldier's Sword, *Vizard*, ſhould ſtart of it ſelf to Redreſs its Maſter's Wrong.

Viz. However, Sir, I think it not proper for me to carry any ſuch Meſſage between Friends.

Stand. I have ne're a Servant here, what ſhall I do?

Viz. There's *Tom. Errand*, the Porter, that plys at the *Blew Poſts*,
And who knows Sir *Harry* and his Haunts very well,
You may ſend a Note by him.

Stand. Here, you, Friend.

Viz. I have now ſome Buſineſs, and muſt take my Leave, I wou'd adviſe you nevertheleſs againſt this Affair.

Stand.

Stand. No whiſpering now, nor telling of Friends to prevent us. He that diſappoints a Man of an honourable Revenge, may love him fooliſhly like a Wife, but never value him as a Friend.

Err. Nay the Devil take him that parts you, ſay I. (*Exit.*

Enter Porter running.

Err. Did your Honour call a Porter?

Stand. Is your Name *Tom. Errand*?

Err. People call me ſo, an't like your Worſhip——

Stand. D'ye know Sir *Harry Wildair*?

Err. Ay, very well Sir, he's one of my Maſters; many a round half Crown have I had of his Worſhip, he's newly come home from *France*, Sir.

Stand. Go to the next Coffee-houſe, and wait for me.
O Woman, Woman, how bleſt is Man, when favour'd by your Smiles, and how accurſt when all thoſe Smiles are found
But wanton baits to ſooth us to Deſtruction.

Thus our chief Joys with baſe Allays are curſt,
And our beſt things, when once corrupted, worſt. (*Exit.*

Enter Wildair *and* Clincher *ſenior following.*

Clin. ſen. Sir, Sir, Sir, having ſome Buſineſs of Importance to communicate to you, I would beg your Attention to a trifling Affair that I won'd impart to you.

Wild. What is your trifling buſineſs of Importance pray ſweet Sir?

Clin. ſen. Pray Sir, are the Roads deep between this and *Paris*?

Wild. Why that Queſtion, Sir?

Clin. ſen. Becauſe I deſign to go to the *Jubilee*, Sir; I underſtand that you are a Traveller, Sir; there is an Air of Travel in the Tie of your Cravat, Sir, there is indeed, Sir——I ſuppoſe, Sir, you bought this Lace in *Flanders*.

Wild. No, Sir, this Lace was made in *Norway*.

Clin. ſen. *Norway*, Sir!

Wild. Yes Sir, of the ſhavings of deal Boards.

Clin. jun. That's very ſtrange now, Faith——Lace made of the ſhavings of deal Boards, I Gad Sir, you Travellers ſee very ſtrange things abroad, very incredible things abroad, indeed. Well, I'll have a Cravat of that very ſame Lace before I come home.

Wild. But Sir? what Preparations have you made for your Journey?

Clin. ſen. A Caſe of Pocket-piſtols for the Bravo's——and a ſwimming Girdle.

Wild. Why theſe, Sir?

Clin.

Clin. Sen. O Long, Sir, I'll tell you —— suppose us in *Rome* now; away goes me I to some Ball —— for I'll be a mighty Beau; Then as I said, I go to some Ball, or some Bear-baiting, 'tis all one you know —— then comes a fine *Italian Bona Roba*, and plucks me by the Sleeve, *Siegniour Angle, Siegniour Angle*, ——— she's a very fine Lady, observe that ——— *Seigniour Angle*, says she, ——— *Siegniora*, says I, and trips after her to the corner of a Street, suppose it *Russel*-Street here, or any other Street; then you know I must invite her to the Tavern, I can do no less. ——— There up comes her Bravo, the *Italian* grows sawcy, and I give him an *English* douse of the Face. I can Box, Sir, Box tightly, I was a Prentice, Sir, —— but then, Sir, he whips out his *Stilletto*, and I whips out my *Bull-Dog* —— slaps him through, trips down Stairs, turns the corner of *Russel*-Street again, and whips me into the Ambassador's Train, and there I'm safe as a Beau behind the Scenes.

Wild. Was your Pistol charg'd, Sir?

Clin. Sen. Only a brace of Bullets, that's all, Sir, I design to shoot seven *Italians* a Week, Sir.

Wild. Sir, you won't have Provocation.

Clin. Ser. Provocation, Sir! Zauns, Sir, I'll kill any Man for treading upon my Corn and there will be a devilish Throng of People there; they say that all the Princes in *Italy* will be there.

Wild. And all the Fops and Fidlers in *Europe* —— but the use of your swimming Girdle, pray, Sir?

Clin. Sen. O Lord, Sir, that's easie. Suppose the Ship cast away; now, whilst other foolish People are busie at their Prayers, *I* whip on my swimming Girdle, claps a Months Provision into my Pockets, and sails me away like an Egg in a Duck's Belly ——— And hearkee, Sir, *I* have a new Project in my Head. Where d'ye think my swimming Girdle shall carry me upon this Occasion: 'Tis a new Project?

Wild. Where, Sir?

Clin. Sen. To *Civita Vecchia*, Faith and Troth, and so save the Charges of my Passage! Well, Sir, you must Pardon me now, *I*'m going to see my Mistriss. [*Exit.*

Wild. This Fellow's an accomplish'd Ass before he goes abroad. Well! this *Angelica* has got into my Heart, and *I* can't get her out of my Head. *I* must pay her t'other Visit. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *Lady* Darling's *House*.

Angelica *sola*.

Angel. Unhappy State of Woman! whose chief Virtue is but Ceremony, and our much boasted Modesty but a slavish Restraint. The strict confinement on our Words makes our Thoughts ramble more; and what preserves our out ward Fame, destroys our inward Quiet. —— 'Tis hard that Love shou'd

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be deny'd the privilege of Hatred; that Scandal and Detraction ſhou'd ſo much indulg'd, yet ſacred Love and Truth debarr'd our Converſation.

Enter Darling, Clincher, *Jun. and* Dicky.

Darl. This is my Daughter, Couſin.

Dick. Now, Sir, remember your three ſcrapes.

Clin. ſaluting Angelica.] One, two, three, [*Kiſſes her.*] your humble Servant. Was not that right, *Dicky.*

Dick. Ay faith, Sir, but why don't you ſpeak to her.

Clin. Jun. I beg your Pardon, *Dicky.* I know my diſtance, wou'd you have me ſpeak to a Lady at the firſt ſight?

Dick. Ay, Sir, by all means, the firſt Aim is the ſureſt.

Clin. Jun. Now for a good Jeſt, to make her laugh heartily —— By *Jupiter Ammon* I'll go give her a Kiſs. [*Goes toward her.*

Enter Wildair, *Interpoſing.*

Wild. 'Tis all to no purpoſe, I told you ſo before, your pitiful Five Guinea's will never do—— you may march, Sir, for as far as Five Hundred Pounds will go, I'll out-bid you.

Clin. Jun. What the Devil! the Mad-man's here again.

Darl. Bleſs me, Couſin! what d'ye mean? Affront a Gentleman of his Quality in my Houſe.

Clin. Jun. Quality! why, Madam, I don't know what you mean by your Madmen, and your Beaux, and your Quality.——They're all alike I believe.

Darl. Pray, Sir, walk with me into the next Room.

[*Exit* Darl. *leading* Clin. Dicky *follows.*

Angel. Sir, if your Converſation be no more agreeable than 'twas the laſt time, I wou'd adviſe you to make it as ſhort as you can.

Wild. The Offences of my laſt Viſit, Madam, bore their Puniſhment in the Commiſſion; and have made me as uneaſie 'till I receive Pardon, as your Ladyſhip can be 'till I ſue for it.

Angel. Sir *Harry* I did not well underſtand the Offence, and muſt therefore proportion it to the greatneſs of your Apology; if youwou'd therefore have me think it light, take no great Pain[illegible] an Excuſe.

Wild. How ſweet muſt be the Lips that guard that Tongue! Then, Madam, no more of paſt Offences, let us prepare for Joys to come; let this ſeal my Pardon. [*Kiſſes her Hand.*] And this [*Again*] initiate me to farther Happineſs.

Angel. Hold, Sir, —— one Queſtion, Sir *Harry*, and pray anſwer plainly, d'ye love me?

Wild. Love you! Does Fire aſcend? Do Hypocrites diſſemble? Uſurers love Gold, or Great Men Flattery? Doubt theſe, then queſtion that I Love.

Angel. This ſhows your Gallantry, Sir, but not your Love.

Wild. View your own Charms, Madam, then judge my Paſſion; your Beauty raviſhes my Eye, your Voice my Ear, and your Touch has thrill'd my melting Soul.

Angel. If your words be real, 'tis in your Pow'r to raiſe an equal Flame in me.

Wild. Nay then——I seize——

Angel. Hold, Sir, 'tis also possible to make me detest and scorn you worse than the most profligate of your deceiving Sex.

Wild. Ha! A very odd turn this. I hope, Madam, you only affect Anger, because you know your Frowns are Becoming.

Angel. Sir *Harry*, you being the best Judge of your own Designs, can best understand whether my Anger should be real or dissembled, think what strict Modesty should bear, then judge of my Resentments.

Wild. Strict Modesty should bear! Why faith Madam, I believe the strictest Modesty may bear Fifty Guinea's, and I don't believe 'twill bear one Farthing more.

Angel. What d'mean? Sir.

Wild. Nay, Madam, what do you mean? If you go to that, I think now Fifty Guinea's is a very fine offer for your strict Modesty, as you call it.

Angel. 'Tis more Charitable, Sir *Harry*, to charge the Impertinence of a Man of your Figure, on his defect in Understanding, than on his want of Manners——I'm afraid you're Mad, Sir.

Wild. Why, Madam, you're enough to make any Man mad. S'death, are not you a——

Angel. What, Sir?

Wild. Why, a Lady of——strict Modesty, if you will have it so.

Angel. I shall never hereafter trust common Report, which represented you, Sir, a Man of Honour, Wit, and Breeding; for I find you very deficient in them all. (*Exit.*

Wild. solus. Now I find that the strict Pretences which the Ladies of Pleasure make to strict Modesty, is the reason why those of Quality are asham'd to wear it.

Enter Vizard

Viz. Ah, Sir *Harry*, have I caught you? well, and what Success.

Wild. Success! 'tis a shame for you young Fellows in Town here, to let the Wenches grow so sawcy: I offer'd her Fifty Guinea's, and she was in her Airs presently. I cou'd have had two Countesses in *Paris* for half the Money, and *Je vous remercie* into the Bargain.

Viz. Gone in her Airs say you? And did not you follow her?

Wild. Whither should I follow her?

Viz. Into her Bed-Chamber, Man. She went on purpose; you a Man of Gallantry, and not understand that a Lady's best pleas'd when she puts on her Airs, as you call it.

Wild. She talk'd to me of strict Modesty, and stuff.

Viz. Certainly most Women magnify their Modesty, for the same reason that Cowards boast their Courage, because they have least on't. Come, come, Sir *Harry*, when you make your next Assault, incourage your Spirits with brisk *Burgundy*, if you succeed, 'tis well; if not, you have a fair excuse for your Rudeness. I'll go in, and make your Peace for what's past. Oh I had almost forgot——Coll. *Standard* wants to speak with you about some Business.

Wild. I'll wait upon him presently, d'ye know where he may be found.

Viz. In the Piazza of *Covent-Garden*, about an Hour hence, I promiſed t ſee him, and there you may meet him; to have your Throat cut. [*Aſide.* I'll go in and intercede for you.

Wild. But no foul play with the Lady, *Vizard.* [*Exit.*

Viz. No fair play I can aſſure you. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Street before* Lurewell's *Lodgings*; Clincher *Sen. and* Lurewell *Coqueting in the Balcony.*

Enter Standard.

Stand. How weak is reaſon in diſputes of Love? that daring Reaſon which ſo oft pretends to queſtion Works of high Omnipotence, yet poorly truckles to our weakeſt Paſſions, and yields implicite Faith to fooliſh Love, paying blind Zeal to faithleſs Womans Eyes. I've heard her Falſhood with ſuch preſſing Proofs, that I no longer ſhou'd diſtruſt it. Yet ſtill my Love wou'd baffle Demonſtration, and make Impoſſibilities ſeem probable. [*Looks up.* Ha! that Fool too! what! ſtoop ſo low as that Animal.——'Tis true, Women once fall'n, like Cowards in deſpair, will ſtick at nothing, there's no Medium in their Actions. They muſt be bright as Angels, or black as Fiends. But now for my Revenge, I'll kick her Cully before her Face, call her a Whore, curſe the whole Sex, and ſo leave her. [*Goes in.*

Lurewell *comes down with* Clincher. *The Scene changes to a Dining-Room.*

Lure. O Lord, Sir, 'tis my Husband: What will become of you?

Clin. Eh! Your Husband! Oh, I ſhall be murder'd: What ſhall I do? Where ſhall I run? I'll creep into an Oven; I'll climb up the Chimney; I'll fly; I'll ſwim;——I wiſh to the Lord I were at the *Jubilee* now.—

Lure. Can't you think of any thing, Sir?

Enter Tom Errand.

What do you want, Sir?

Errd. Madam, I am looking for Sir *Harry Wildair*; I ſaw him come in here this Morning; and did imagine he might be here ſtill.

Lure. A lucky Hitt! Here Friend, change Clothes with this Gentleman quickly.: Strip.

Clinc. Ay, ay, quickly ſtrip: I'll give you Half a Crown. Come here: So.

They change Clothes.

Lure. Now ſlip you, [to *Clinch*] down ſtairs, and wait at the Door till my Husband be gone; And get you in there [to the Porter] till I call you.

[*Puts* Errand *into the next Room.*

Enter Standard.

Oh, Sir! Are you come? I wonder Sir, how you have the Confidence to approach me after ſo baſe a Trick.

Stand. O Madam, all your Artifices won't prevail.

Lure. Nay Sir, Your Artifices won't avail. I thought, Sir, that I gave you Caution enough againſt troubling me with Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Company when I ſent his Letter backs by you: Yet you forſooth muſt tell him where I lodg'd, and expoſe me again to his impertinent Courtſhip.

Stand. I expoſe you to his Courtſhip!

Lure. I'll lay my Life you'll deny it now: Come, come, Sir, a pitiful Lye is as ſcandalous to a Red Coat as an Oath to a Black. Did not Sir *Harry* himſelf tell me, that he found out by you where I lodg'd?

Stand. You're all Lyes: Firſt, your Heart is falſe, your Eyes are double; one Look belyes another: And then your Tongue does contradict them all.——Madam, I ſee a little Devil juſt now hammering out a Lye in your Pericranium.

Lure. As I hope for Mercy he's in the right on't. [*Aſide*] Hold, Sir, You have got the Play-houſe Cant upon your Tongue; and think that Wit may privilege your Railing: But I muſt tell you Sir, that what is Satyr upon the Stage, is ill Manners here.

Stand. What is feign'd upon the Stage, is here in Reality Real Falſhood. Yes, yes, Madam,——I expos'd you to the Courtſhip of your Fool *Clincher* too? I hope your Female Wiles will impoſe that upon me—a ſo——

Lure. Clincher! Nay, now, you're ſtark mad. I know no ſuch Perſon.

Stand. O Woman in Perfection! not know him! Slife, Madam, Can my Eyes, my piercing jealous Eyes be ſo deluded? Nay, Madam, my Noſe could not miſtake him; for I ſmelt the Fop by his Pulvilio from the Balcony down to the Street.

Lure. The Balcony! Ha, ha, ha, the Balcony! I'll be hang'd but he has miſtaken Sir *Harry Wildair*'s Footman with a new *French* Livery, for a Beau.

Stand. S'death Madam, what is there in me that looks like a Cully? Did I not ſee him?

Lure. No, no, you cou'd not ſee him; You're dreaming, *Colonel*: Will you believe your Eyes, now, that I have rubb'd them open?——Here, you Friend.

Enter Errand *in* Clincher's *Cloaths.*

Stand. This is Illuſion all; My Eyes conſpire againſt themſelves. 'Tis Legerdemain.

Lure. Legerdemain! Is that all your Acknowledgment for your rude Behaviour?—— Oh, what a Curſe is it to love as I do!——But don't preſume too far, Sir, on my Affection: For ſuch ungenerous Uſage will ſoon return my tir'd Heart.——Be gone Sir [*to the Porter.*] to your impertinent Maſter, and tell him I ſhall never be at leiſure to receive any of his troubleſome Viſits——ſend to me to know when I ſhould be at home!——Be gone Sir:——I am ſure he has made me an unfortunate Woman. (*Weeps.*

Stand. Nay, then there is no certainty in Nature; and Truth is only Falſhood well diſguis'd.

Lure. Sir, had not I own'd my fond fooliſh Paſſion, I ſhou'd not have been ſubject to ſuch unjuſt Suſpicions; But 'tis an ungrateful Return. (*weeping.*

Stand. Now where are all my firm Reſolves? I will believe her juſt. My Paſſion rais'd my Jealouſie; then why mayn't Love be blind in finding faults as in excuſing them?——I hope, Madam, you'll pardon me, ſince Jealouſie that magnify'd my Suſpicion is as much the Effect of Love as my Eaſineſs in being ſatisfy'd.

Lure. Eaſineſs in being ſatisfy'd! You Men have got an inſolent way of extorting Pardon, by perſiſting in your Faults. No, no, Sir, cheriſh your Suſ-

picions, and feed upon your Jealouſie: 'Tis fit Meat for your ſqueamiſh Stomach.

With me all Women ſhou'd this Rule purſue:
Who thinks us falſe, ſhou'd never find us true. (*Exit.* in a Rage.

Enter Clincher *in the Porter's Cloaths.*

Clin. Well, Intriguing is the prettieſt pleaſanteſt thing for a Man of my Parts:——How ſhall we laugh at the Husband when he is gone?——How ſillily he looks! He's in labour of Horns already,——to make a Colonel a Cuckold! 'Twill be rare News for the Aldermen. (*aſide.*

Stand. All this Sir *Harry* has occaſion'd; but he's brave, and will afford me juſt Revenge:——O! this is the Porter I ſent the Challenge by:——Well Sir, have you found him?

Clin. What the Devil does he mean now?

Stand. Have you given Sir *Harry* the Note, Fellow

Clin. The Note! What Note?

Stand. The Letter, Blockhead, which I ſent by you to Sir *Harry Wildair*, have you ſeen him?

Clin. O Lord, what ſhall I ſay now? Seen him! Yes Sir.——No Sir.——I have Sir.——I have not Sir.

Stand. The Fellow's mad. Anſwer me directly Sirrah, or I'll break your Head.

Clin. I know Sir *Harry* very well, Sir; but as to the Note Sir, I can't remember a Word on't: Truth is, I have a very bad Memory.

Stand. O Sir, I'll quicken your Memory. (*Strikes him.*

Clin. Zauns, Sir, hold,——I did give him the Note.

Stand. And what Anſwer?

Clin. I mean Sir, I did not give him the Note.

Stand. What, d'ye banter, Raſcal? (*Strikes him again.*

Clin. Hold Sir, hold, He did ſend an Anſwer.

Stand. What was't Villain?

Clin. Why truly Sir, I have forgot it: I told you that I had a very treacherous Memory.

Stand. I'll engage you ſhall remember me this Month, Raſcal. (*Beats him off, and* Exit.

Enter Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. Fortboon, fortboon, fortboon, This is better than I expected; but Fortune ſtill helps the Induſtrious.

Enter Clincher.

Clin. Ah! The Devil take all Intriguing, ſay I, and him who firſt invented Canes:——That curs'd Colonel has got ſuch a Knack of beating his Men, that he has left the Mark of a Collar of Bandileers about my Shoulders.

Lure. O my poor Gentleman! And was it beaten?

Clin. Yes, I have been beaten: But where's my Cloaths, my Cloaths?

Lure. What, you won't leave me ſo ſoon, my Dear, will ye?

Clin. Will ye? If ever I peep into a Colonel's Tent agen, may I be forc'd to run the Gauntlet:——But my Cloaths, Madam.

Lure. I ſent the Porter down ſtairs with them; Did not you meet him?

Clin. Meet him! No, not I.

Parl. No? He went out of the Back-door, and is run clear away I'm afraid.

Clin. Gone, say you? And with my Cloaths? My fine Jubilee Cloaths?—O, the Rogue, the Thief!—— I'll have him hang'd for Murder:—— But how shall I get home in this Pickle?

Parl. I'm afraid, Sir, the Colonel will be back presently; for he dines at home.

Clin. Oh, then I must sneak off! Was ever Man so manag'd! to have his Coat well thrash'd, and lose his Coat too? (*Exit.*

Lure. Thus the Noble Poet spoke Truth.

Nothing sutes worse with Vice than want of Sense:
Fools are still wicked at their own Expences.

Parl. Methinks Madam, the Injuries you have suffer'd by Men must be very great, to raise such heavy Resentments against the whole Sex.

Lur. The greatest Injury that Woman cou'd sustain; They robb'd me of that Jewel, which preserv'd, exalts our Sex almost to Angels: But destroy'd, debases us below the worst of Brutes, Mankind.

Parl. But I think, Madam, your Anger shou'd be only confin'd to the Author of your Wrongs.

Lur. The Author! Alas, I know him not, which makes my Wrongs the greater.

Parl. Not know him! 'Tis odd Madam, that a Man shou'd rob you of that same Jewel you mention'd, and you not know him.

Lur. Leave Trifling; ——'tis a Subject that always foures my Temper; but since by thy faithful Service I have some Reason to confide in your Secresie, hear the strange Relation:—Some twelve, twelve Years ago I liv'd at my Father's House in *Oxfordshire*, blest with Innocence, the ornamental, but weak Guard of blooming Beauty: I was then just Fifteen, an Age of fatal to the Female Sex; Our Youth is tempting, our Innocence credulous, Romances moving, Love powerful, and Men are—— Villains. Then it hapned that three young Gentlemen from the University coming into the Country, and being benighted, and Strangers, call'd at my Father's: He was very glad of their Company, and offer'd them the Entertainment of his House.

Parl. Which they accepted, no Doubt: Oh! these strouling Collegians are never abroad, but upon some Mischief.

Lure. They had some private Frolick or Design in their Heads, as appear'd by their not naming one another, which my Father perceiving, out of Civility, made no enquiry into their Affairs, two of them had a heavy, pedantick, University Air, a sort of disagreeable scholastick Boorishness in their Behaviour, but the third!

Parl. Ay! the third, Madam,——the third of all things, they say, is very Critical.

Lure. He was——but in short, Nature cut him out for my undoing; ——he seem'd to be about Eighteen.

Parl. A fit Match for your Fifteen as cou'd be.

Lure. He had a genteel Sweetness in his Face, a graceful Comeliness in his Person, and his Tongue was fit to sooth soft Innocence to ruine; His

very Looks were Witty, and his expreſſive Eyes ſpoke softer prittier things than Words cou'd frame.

Parl. There will be Miſchief by and by; I never heard a Woman talk ſo much of Eyes, but there were Tears preſently after.

Lure. His Diſcourſe was directed to my Father, but his Looks to me. After Supper I went to my Chamber, and read *Caſſandra*, then went to Bed, and dreamt of him all Night, roſe in the Morning, and made Verſes; ſo fell deſperately in Love — my Father was ſo pleas'd with his Converſation, that he beg'd their Company next Day; they conſented, and next Night, *Parly*—

Par. Ay, next Night, Madam, — next Night (I'm afraid) was a Night indeed.

Lure. He brib'd my Maid with his Gold out of her Honeſty, and me with his Rhetorick out of my Honour — ſhe admitted him to my Chamber, and there he vow'd, and ſwore, and wep't, and ſigh'd — and conquer'd. [*Weeps.*

Parl. Alak a day, poor Fifteen! [*Weeps.*

Lure. He ſwore that he wou'd come down from *Oxford* in a Fortnight, and marry me.

Parl. The old bait! the old bait — I was cheated juſt ſo my ſelf [*Aſide.* but had not you the wit to know his Name all this while?

Lure. Alas! what Wit had Innocence like mine? he told me that he was under an Obligation to his Companions of concealing himſelf then, but that he wou'd write to me in two Days, and let me know his Name and Quality. After all the binding Oaths of Conſtancy, joyning Hands, exchanging Hearts, I gave him a Ring with this Motto, *Love and Honour*, then we parted; but I never ſaw the dear Deceiver more.

Par. No, nor never will, I warrant you.

Lure. I need not tell my Griefs, which my Father's Death made a fair Pretence for; he left me Heireſs and Executrix to Three Thouſand Pounds a Year; at laſt my Love for this ſingle Diſſembler, turn'd to a hatred of the whole Sex, and reſolving to divert my Melancholy, and make my large Fortune ſubſervient to my Pleaſure and Revenge, I went to Travel, where in moſt Courts of *Europe* I have done ſome Execution: Here I will play my laſt Scene; then retire to my Country-Houſe, live ſolitary, and die a Penitent.

Par. But don't you ſtill love this dear Diſſembler?

Lure. Moſt certainly: 'Tis Love of him that keeps my Anger warm, repreſenting the Baſeneſs of Mankind full in View; and makes my Reſentments work. — We ſhall have that old impotent Lecher Smuggler here to Night: I have a Plot to ſwinge him and his preciſe Nephew *Vizard*.

Par. I think, Madam, you manage every body that comes in your way.

Lure. No, *Parly*, thoſe Men, whoſe Pretenſions I found juſt and honourable, I fairly diſmiſt by letting them know my firm Reſolutions never to marry. But thoſe Villains that wou'd attempt my Honour, I've ſeldom fail'd to manage.

Par. What d'ye think of the Colonel, Madam? I ſuppoſe his Deſigns are honourable.

Lure. That Man's a Riddle; There's ſomething of Honour in his Temper that pleaſes: I'm ſure he loves me too, becauſe he's ſoon jealous, and ſoon ſatisfied: But he's a Man ſtill, — When I once try'd his Pulſe about Marriage, his Blood ran as low as a Cowards: He ſwore indeed that

he lov'd me, but cou'd not marry me forſooth, becauſe he was engag'd elſewhere. So poor a Pretence made me diſdain his Paſſion, which otherwiſe might have been uneaſie to me. ——But hang him, I have teiz'd him enough: ——Beſides, *Parly*, I begin to be tir'd of my Revenge; ——but this Buſs and Guinea I muſt maul once more: I'll hanſel his Woman's Cloaths for him G——, get me Pen and Ink; I muſt write to *Vizard* too.

Fortune this once aſſiſt me as before.
Two ſuch Machines can never work in vain,
As thy propitious Wheel, and my projecting Brain.

The End of the Third Act.

ACT IV.

SCENE, *Covent-Garden.*

Wildair *and* Standard *meeting.*

Stand. I Thought, Sir *Harry*, to have met you 'ere this in a more convenient Place; but ſince my Wrongs were without Ceremony, my Revenge ſhall be ſo too. Draw, Sir.

Wild. Draw, Sir! What ſhall I draw?

Stand. Come, come, Sir, I like your facetious Humour well enough: It ſhows Courage and Unconcern: I know you brave; and therefore uſe you thus. Draw your Sword.

Wild. Nay, to oblige you I will draw: But the D——l take me if I fight—Perhaps, Colonel, this is the prettieſt Blade you have ſeen.

Stand. I doubt not but the Arm is good; and therefore think both worth my Reſentment. Come, Sir,

Wild. But, prithee Colonel, doſt think that I am ſuch a Mad-man as to ſend my Soul to the Devil, and my Body to the Worms upon every Fools Errand?

Stand. I hope you're no Coward, Sir.

Wild. Coward, Sir, I have eight thouſand Pounds a Year, Sir.

Stand. You fought in *Flanders* to my Knowledge.

Wild. Ay, for the ſame Reaſon that I wore a Red Coat: Becauſe 'twas faſhionable.

Stand. Sir, you fought a *French Count* in *Paris*.

Wild. True, Sir; he was a Beau, like my ſelf: Now you're a Soldier, Colonel, and Fighting's your Trade; And I think it down-right Madneſs to contend with any Man in his Profeſſion.

Stand. Come, Sir, no more Dallying: I ſhall take very unſeemly Methods if you don't ſhow your ſelf a Gentleman.

Wild. A Gentleman! Why there agen now. A gentleman! I tell you once more, Colonel, that I am a Baronet, and have eight thouſand Pounds a Year.

Year. I can dance, sing, ride, fence, understand the Languages. Now, I can't conceive how running you through the Body should contribute one Jot more to my Gentility. But, pray Colonel, I had forgot to ask you: What's the Quarrel?

Stand. A Woman, Sir.

Wild. Then I put up my Sword. Take her.

Stand. Sir, my Honour's concern'd.

Wild. Nay, if your Honour be concern'd with a Woman, get it out of her Hands as soon as you can. An honourable Lover is the greatest Slave in Nature; some will say, the greatest Fool. Come, come, Colonel, this is something about the Lady *Lurewell*, I warrant; I can give you satisfaction in that Affair.

Stand. Do so then immediately.

Wild. Put up your Sword first: You know I dare fight: But I had much rather make you a Friend than an Enemy. I can assure you this Lady will prove too hard for one of your Temper. You have too much Honour, too much in Conscience, to be a Favourite with the Ladies.

Stand. I am assur'd, Sir, she never gave you any Encouragement.———

Wild. A Man can never hear Reason with a Sword in his Hand. Sheath your Weapon; and then if I don't satisfie you, sheath it in my Body.

Stand. Give me but Demonstration of her granting you any Favour, and 'tis enough.

Wild. Will you take my Word?

Stand. Pardon me, Sir, I cannot.

Wild. Will you believe your own Eyes?

Stand. 'Tis ten to one whether I shall or no: They have deceiv'd me already.

Wild. That's hard.———But some means I shall devise for your Satisfaction.———We must fly this Place; else that Cluster of Mobb will overwhelm us. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mobb, Tom Errand's *Wife hurrying in* Clincher senior *in* Errands *Cloaths.*

Wife. O, the Villain, the Rogue, he has murder'd my Husband: Ah, my poor *Timothy!* *Crying.*

Clin. Dem your *Timothy*;—Your Husband has murder'd me, Woman: For he has carry'd away my fine Jubilee Cloaths.

Wife. Ah, you Cut-Throat, have you not got his Cloaths upon your Back there?——Neighbours, don't you know poor *Timothy*'s Coat and Apron?

Mobb. Ay, ay, 'tis the same.

First Mobb. What shall we do with him, Neighbours?

Second Mobb. We'll pull him in pieces.

First Mobb. No, no; then we may be hang'd for Murder; but we'll drown him.

Clin. Ah, good People, pray don't drown me; for I never learnt to swim in all my Life. Ah, this plaguy Intriguing!

Mobb. Away with him, away with him to the *Thames.*

Clin. Oh, if I had but my *Swimming Girdle* now.

Enter Constable.

Cons. Hold, Neighbours, I command the Peace.

Wife. O Mr. Constable, here's a Rogue that has murder'd my Husband, and robb'd him of his Cloaths.

Const. Murder and Robbery! then he must be a Gentleman. Hands off there, he must not be abus'd.—Give an Account of your self: Are you a Gentleman?

Clin. No, Sir, I am a Beau.

Const. Then you have kill'd no body, I'm perswaded. How came you by these Cloaths, Sir?

Clin. You must know, Sir, that walking along, Sir, I don't know how, Sir; I can't tell where, Sir; and—so the Porter and I chang'd Cloaths, Sir.

Const. Very well, the Man speaks Reason, and like a Gentleman.

Wife. But pray Mr. Constable, ask him how he chang'd Cloaths with him.

Const. Silence, Woman, and don't disturb the Court.——Well, Sir, how did you change Cloaths?

Clin. Why, Sir, he pull'd off my Coat, and I drew off his: So I put on his Coat, and he puts on mine.

Const. Why Neighbours, I don't find that he's guilty: Search him; and if he carries no Arms about him, we'll let him go.

(They search his Pockets, and pull out his Pistols.

Clin. O *Gemini!* my Jubilee Pistols.

Const. What, a Case of Pistols! Then the Case is plain. Speak, what are you, Sir? whence come you, and whither go you?

Clin. Sir, I came from *Russel-street*, and am going to the Jubilee.

Wife. You shall go to the Gallows, you Rogue.

Const. Away with him, away with him to Newgate straight.

Clin. I shall go to the Jubilee now indeed. *(Exeunt.*

Re-enter Wildair *and* Standard.

Wild. In short, Colonel, 'tis all Nonsence: Fight for a Woman! Hard by is the Lady's House; if you please, we'll wait on her together: You shall draw your Sword, I'll draw my Snush-Box: You shall produce your Wounds receiv'd in War; I'll relate mine by *Cupid*'s Dart:——You shall look big; I'll ogle:—— You shall swear; I'll sigh:—— You shall *fa, fa,* and I'll *coupee*; And if she flies not to my Arms, like a Hawk to its Pearch, my Dancing-Master deserves to be damn'd.

Stand. With the generality of Women, I grant you, these Arts may prevail.

Wild. Generality of Women! Why there agen you're out. They're all alike, Sir: I never heard of any one that was particular, but one.

Stand. Who was she, pray?

Wild. Penelope, I think she's call'd; and that's a Poetical Story too. When will you find a Poet in our Age make a Woman so chaste?

Stand. Well, Sir *Harry*, your facetious Humour can disguise Falshood, and make Calumny pass for Satyr: But you have promis'd me ocular Demonstration that she favours you: Make that good, and I shall then maintain Faith and Female to be as inconsistent as Truth and Falshood.

Wild. Nay, by what you have told me, I am satisfied that she imposes on us all; And *Vizard* too seems what I still suspected him: But his Honesty once mistrusted, spoils his Knavery:—But will you be convinc'd if our Plot succeeds;

Stand. I rely on your Word and Honour, Sir *Harry*; which, if I doubted, my Distrust wou'd cancel the Obligation of their Security.

Wild.

Wild. Then meet me half an hour hence at the *Rummer*: You must oblige me by taking a hearty Glass with me toward the fitting me out for a certain Project, which this Night I undertake.

Stand. I guess by the Preparation, that Woman's the Design.

Wild. Yes, faith,——I am taken dangerously ill with two foolish Maladies, Modesty and Love; the first I'll cure with *Burgundy*, and my Love by a Night's Lodging with the Damsel. A sure Remedy. *Probatum est.*

Stand. I'll certainly meet you, Sir. (*Exeunt severally.*

Enter Clincher junior *and* Dicky.

Clin. Ah! *Dicky*, this *London* is a sad Place, a sad vicious Place: I wish that I were in the Country again: And this Brother of mine! I'm sorry he's so great a Rake: I had rather see him dead than see him thus.

Dick. Ay, Sir, He'll spend his whole Estate at this same Jubilee. Who, d'ye think lives at this same Jubilee?

Clin. Who pray?

Dick. The Pope.

Clin. The Devil he does! my Brother go to the Place where the Pope dwells! he's bewitch'd sure.

Enter Tom Errand *in* Clincher *Seniors Cloaths.*

Dick. Indeed I believe he is, for he's strangely alter'd.

Clin. Alter'd! why he looks like a Jesuit already.

Errа. This Lace will sell. What a Blockhead was the Fellow to trust me with his Coat! If I can get cross the Garden, down to the Water-side, I'm pretty secure. [*Aside.*

Clin. Brother!——Alas, *Gemini*? are you my Brother?

Dick. I seize you in the [illegible] Name, Sir.

Errа. O Lord, shou'd they prove some Parliament Man now!

Clin. Speak you Rogue, what are you.

Errа. A poor Porter, Sir, and going of an Errand.

Dick. What Errand? speak you Rogue.

Errа. A Fools Errand, I'm afraid.

Clin. Who sent you?

Errа. A Beau, Sir.

Dick. No, no, the Rogue has murder'd your Brother, and stript him off his Cloaths.

Clin. Murder'd my Brother! O *Crimini*! O my poor Jubilee Brother!—— stay, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I'm Heir: Tho' speak Sirrah, Have you kill'd him? Confess that you have kill'd him, and I'll give you Half a Crown.

Errа. Who I, Sir? alack-a-day, Sir, I never kill'd any Man, but a Carrier's Horse once.

Clin. Then you shall certainly be Hang'd, but confess that you kill'd him, and we'll let you go.

Errа. Telling the Truth hangs a Man, but confessing a Lye can do no harm; besides, if the worst comes to the worst, I can but deny it again—— Well, Sir, since I must tell you, I did kill him.

Clin. Here's your Money, Sir,——but are you sure you kill'd him dead.

Errа. Sir, I'll swear it before any Judge in *England*,

Dick.

Dick. But are you sure that he's *Dead in Law*.

Errn. Dead in Law! I can't tell whether he be *Dead in Law*. But he's as dead as a Door Nail; for I gave him seven knocks on the Head with a Hammer.

Dick. Then you have the Estate by the Statute.

Any Man that's knock'd o'th' Head is *Dead in Law*.

Clin. But are you sure he was *Compos Mentis* when he was kill'd?

Errn. I suppose he was, Sir, for he told me nothing to the contrary afterwards.

Clin. Hey!——then I go to the *Jubilee*——Strip, Sir, strip. By *Jupiter Ammon* strip.

Dick. Ah! don't swear, Sir. [*Puts on his Brother's Cloths.*

Clin. Swear, Sir, *Zoons*, han't I got the Estate, Sir? Come, Sir, now I'm in Mourning for my Brother.

Errn. I hope you'll let me go now, Sir.——

Clin. Yes, yes, Sir, but you must first do me the Favour, to swear positively before a Magistrate, that you kill'd him dead, that I may enter upon the Estate without any Trouble. By *Jupiter Ammon* all my Religion's gone, since I put on these fine Cloaths——Hey, call me a Coach somebody.

Errn. Ay, Master let me go, and I'll call one immediately.

Clin. No, no, *Dicky*, carry this Spark before a Justice, and when he has made Oath, you may discharge him,

And I'll go see *Angelica*. [*Exeunt* Dick *and* Errand.

Now that I'm an Elder Brother, I'll Court, and Swear, and Rant, and Rake, and go to the *Jubilee* with the best of them. [*Exit.*

SCENE, Lurewell's House.

Enter Lurewell *and* Parly.

Lure. Are you sure that *Vizzard* had my Letter.

Par. Yes, yes, Madam, one of your Ladyships Footmen gave it to him in the Park, and he told the Bearer, with all transports of Joy, that he wou'd be punctual to a Minute.

Lure. Thus most Villains, some time or other, are punctual to their Ruine; and Hypocrisie, by imposing on the World, at last deceives it self. Are all things prepar'd for his Reception.

Par. Exactly to your Ladyships Order, the Alderman too is just come, dress'd and cook'd up for Iniquity.

Lure. Then he has got Woman's Cloaths on.

Par. Yes, Madam, and has pass'd upon the Family for your Nurse.

Lure. Convey him into that Closet, and put out the Candles, and tell him, I'll wait on him presently. [*As* Parly *goes to put out the Candle, somebody Knocks.*

Lure. This must be some Clown without Manners, or a Gentleman above Ceremony. Who's there?

Wild. Sings.

Thus Damon *knock'd at* Celia's *Door,*
Sigh'd, and beg'd, and wept, and swore;
The Sign was so,
[*knocks.*

She answer'd, No
[knocks thrice]
No, no, no.
Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd,
No, Damon, no, I am afraid,
Consider, Damon, I'm a Maid,
Consider,
No,
I'm a Maid.
No, &c.
At last his Sighs and Tears made way,
She rose, and softly turn'd the Key,
Come in, said she, but do not stay,
I may conclude
You will be rude,
But if you are, you may.
Enters. [*Exit.* Parly.

Lure. 'Tis too early for Serenading, Sir *Harry.*

Wild. Wherefoever Love is, there Musick is proper; there's an harmonious consent in their Natures, and when rightly joyn'd, they make up the Chorus of Earthly Happiness.

Lure. But, Sir *Harry*, what Tempest drives you here at this Hour.

Wild. No Tempest, Madam, but as fair Weather as ever entic'd a Citizens Wife to Cuckold her Husband in fresh Air.
Love, Madam. [Wild. *taking her by the Hand.*

Lure. As pure and white as Angels soft desires, is't not so?

Wild. Fierce, as when ripe consenting Beauty Fires.

Lure. O Villain! what Priviledge has Man to our Destruction, that thus they hunt our Ruine? [*Aside.*] If this be a Love Token, [Wild. *drops a Ring,* your Mistresses Favours hang very loose about you, Sir. } *she takes it up.*

Wild. I can't justly Madam, pay your Trouble of taking it up by any thing, but desiring you to wear it.

Lure. You Gentlemen have the cunningest ways of playing the Fool, and are so industrious in your Profuseness. Speak seriously, am I beholding to Chance or Design for this Ring?

Wild. To design upon my Honour, and I hope my Design will succeed. [*Aside.*

Lure. *And what shall I give you for such a fine thing* } Both
Wild. *You'll give me another, you'll give me another five thing.* } sing.

Lure. Shall I be free with you, Sir *Harry.*

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam, so I may be free with you.

Lure. Then plainly, Sir, I shall beg the favour to see you some other time, for at this very Minute I have two Lovers in the House.

Wild. Then to be as plain, I must be gone this Minute, for I must see another Mistress within these two Hours.

Lure. Frank and free.

Wild. As you with me—Madam, your most humble Servant. [*Exit.*

Lure.

Lurc. Nothing can disturb his Humour. Now for my Merchant and *Vizard.* [*Exit, and takes the Candles with her.*

Enter Parly, *leading in* Smuggler, *dress'd in Woman's Cloaths.*

Parl. This way, Mr. Alderman.

Smug. Well, Mrs. *Parly*,——I'm oblig'd to you for this Trouble, here are a couple of Shillings for you. Times are hard, very hard indeed, but next time I'll steal a pair of silk Stockings from my Wife, and bring them to you—What are you fumbling about my Pockets for—?

Parl. Only feeling the Pleats of your Gown, here, Sir; get into this Closet, and my Lady will wait on you presently.

[*Puts him into the Closet, runs out, and returns with* Vizard.

Viz. Where would'st thou lead me, my dear auspicious little Pilot?

Parl. You're almost in Port, Sir, my Lady's in the Closet, and will come out to you immediately.

Viz. Let me thank thee as I ought. [*Kisses her.*

Parl. Pshaw! who has hir'd me best? a couple of Shillings, and a couple of Kisses. [*Exit.*

Viz. Propitious Darkness guides the Lovers Steps, and Night that shadows outward Sense, lights up our inward Joy. Night! the great awful Ruler of Mankind, which, like the *Persian* Monarch hides its Royalty to raise the Veneration of the World. Under thy easie Reign Dissemblers may speak Truth; all slavish Forms and Ceremonies laid aside, and generous Villainy may act without Constraint.

Smug. *peeping out of the Closet.*] Bless me! what Voice is this?

Viz. Our hungry Appetites, like the wild Beasts of Prey, now scour abroad, to gorge their craving Maws, the pleasure of Hypocrisie, like a chain'd Lyon, once broke loose, wildly indulges its new Freedom, ranging through all unbounded Joys.

Smug. My Nephew's Voice! and certainly possess'd with an Evil Spirit, he talks as prophanely, as an Actor possess'd with a Poet.

Viz. Ha! I hear a Voice, Madam,—— my Life, my Happiness, where are you, Madam?

Smug. Madam! he takes me for a Woman too, I'll try him. Where have you left your Sanctity, Mr. *Vizard?*

Viz. Talk no more of that ungrateful Subject——I left it where it has only business with Day-light, 'tis needless to wear a Mask in the Dark.

Smug. O the Rogue, the Rogue!——The World takes you for a very sober virtuous Gentleman.

Viz. Ay, Madam, that adds Security to all my Pleasures——with me a Cully-Squire may squander his Estate, and ne'er be thought a Spend-thrift—With me a Holy Elder may zealously be drunk, and toast his tuneful Nose in Sack, to make it hold forth clearer——But what is most my Praise, the formal Rigid, she that rails at Vice and Men, with me secures her loosest Pleasures; and her strictest Honour——she who with fearful Mien, and virtuous Pride, disdains the Name of Whore, with me can Wanton, and laugh at the deluded World.

Smug. How have I been deceiv'd! then you are very great among the Ladies.

Viz. Yes, Madam, they know that like a Mole in the Earth, I dig deep but inviſible, not like thoſe fluttering noiſie Sinners, whoſe Pleaſure is the proclamation of their Faults, thoſe empty Flaſhes who no ſooner kindle, but they muſt blaze to alarm the World. But come, Madam, you delay our Pleaſures.

Smug. He ſurely takes me for the Lady *Lurewell*——ſhe has made him an Appointment too——but I'll be reveng'd of both——Well, Sir, what are theſe you are ſo intimate with.

Viz. Come, come, Madam, you know very well——thoſe who ſtand ſo high, that the vulgar envy even their Crimes, whoſe Figure adds priviledge to their Sin, and makes it paſs unqueſtion'd; fair, high, pamper'd Females, whoſe ſpeaking Eyes, and piercing Voice, wou'd arm the Statue of a *Stoick*, and animate his cold Marble with the Soul of an *Epicure*, all raviſhing, lovely, ſoft, and kind, like you.

Smug. I am very lovely and ſoft indeed, you ſhall find me much harder than you imagine, Friend——Well, Sir, but I ſuppoſe your Diſſimulation has ſome other Motive beſides Pleaſure.

Viz. Yes, Madam, the honeſteſt Motive in the World, Intereſt——you muſt know, Madam, that I have an old Uncle, Aldetman *Smuggler*, you have ſeen him, I ſuppoſe.

Smug. Yes, yes, I have ſome ſmall Acquaintance with him.

Viz. 'Tis the moſt knaviſh, preciſe, covetous old Rogue, that ever died of a Gout.

Smug. Ah! the young Son of a Whore. Well, Sir, and what of him?

Viz. Hell hungers not more for wretched Souls, than he for ill-got Pelf—and yet (what's wonderful) he that wou'd ſtick at no profitable Villainy himſelf, loves Holineſs in another—he prays all *Sunday* for the Sins of the Week paſt—he ſpends all Dinner-time in too tedious Graces, and what he deſigns a Bleſſing to the Meat, proves a Curſe to his Family——he's the moſt——

Smug. Well, well, Sir, I know him very well.

Viz. Then, Madam, he has a ſwinging Eſtate, which I deſign to Purchaſe as a Saint, and ſpend like a Gentleman. He got it by Cheating, and ſhou'd loſe it by Deceit. By the pretence of my Zeal and Sobriety, I'll cozen the old Miſer one of theſe Days out of a Settlement, and Deed of Conveyance—

Smug. It ſhall be a Deed to convey you to the Gallows then, you young Dog. [*Aſide.*

Viz. And no ſooner he's Dead, but I'll rattle over his Grave with a Coach and Six, to inform his covetous Ghoſt how genteely I ſpend his Money.

Smug. I'll prevent you, Boy, for I'll have my Money bury'd with me. [*Aſide.*

Viz. Bleſs me, Madam, here's a Light coming this way, I muſt fly immediately, when ſhall I ſee you, Madam.

Smug. Sooner than you expect, my Dear.

Viz. Pardon me, dear Madam, I wou'd not be ſeen for the World. I wou'd ſooner forfeit my Life, nay, my Pleaſure, than my Reputation. [*Exit.*

Smug. Reputation! Reputation! that poor Word ſuffers a great deal——Well! thou art the moſt accompliſh'd Hypocrite that ever made a grave plodding Face over a Diſh of Coffee, and a Pipe of Tobacco; he owes me

for ſeven Years maintenance, and ſhall pay me by ſeven Years Imprisonment; and when I die, I'll leave him to the Fee-ſimple of a Rope and a Shilling—Who are theſe? I begin to be afraid of ſome Miſchief——I wiſh that I were ſafe within the City Liberties——I'll hide my ſelf. [*Stands cloſe.*

Enter Butler, *with other Servants and Lights.*

But. I ſay there are two Spoons wanting, and I'll ſearch the whole Houſe,——Two Spoons will be no ſmall gap in my Quarters Wages——

Serv. When did you miſs them, *James*?

But. Miſs them. Why, I miſs them now; in ſhort they muſt be among you, and if you don't return them, I'll go to the Cunning-Man to Morrow-Morning; my Spoons I want, and my Spoons I will have.

Serv. Come, come, ſearch about. [*Search and diſcover* Smugler. Ah! who's this?

But. Hark'ee, good Woman, what makes you hide your ſelf? What are you aſham'd of.

Smug. Aſham'd of! O Lord, Sir, I'm an honeſt Old Woman that never was aſham'd of any thing.

But. What are you, a Midwife then? Speak, did not you ſee a couple of ſtray Spoons in your Travels?

Smug. Stray Spoons!

But. Ay, ay, ſtray Spoons; in ſhort you ſtole them, and I'll ſhake your old Limbs to pieces, if you don't deliver them preſently.

Smug. Bleſs me! a Reverend Elder of Seventy Years old accus'd for *Petty-Lacenary*!——why, ſearch me, good People, ſearch me, and if you find any Spoons about me, you ſhall burn me for a Witch.

But. Ay, ay, we will ſearch you Miſtreſs.

[*They ſearch and pull the Spoons out of his Pockets.*

Smug. Oh! the Devil, the Devil!

But. Where, where is he? Lord bleſs us, ſhe is a Witch in good earneſt, may be.

Smug. O, it was ſome Devil, ſome *Covent-Garden*, or St. *James's* Devil, that put them in my Pocket.

But. Ay, ay, you ſhall be hang'd for a Thief, burnt for a Witch, and then carted for a Bawd. Speak, what are you?

Enter Lurewell.

Smug. I'm the Lady *Lurewell's* Nurſe.

Lure. What Noiſe is this?

But. Here is an old *Succubus*, Madam, that has ſtole two ſilver Spoons, and ſays, ſhe's your Nurſe.

Lure. My Nurſe! O the Impudent old Jade, I never ſaw the wither'd Creature before.

Smug. Then I'm finely caught. O Madam! Madam don't you know me? Don't you remember Buſs and Guinea?

Lure. Was ever ſuch Impudence? I know thee! why thou'rt as Brazen as a Bawd in the Side-Box——Take her before a Juſtice, and then to *Newgate*, away.

Smug. O! conſider, Madam, that I'm an Alderman.

Lure.

Lurc. Consider, Sir, that you're a Compound of Covetousness, Hypocrisy, and Knavery; and must be punish'd accordingly ——— You must be in Petticoats, Gouty Monster, must ye! You must Buss and Guinea too, you must tempt a Ladies Honour, old Satyr, away with him. [*Hurry him off*

Still may our Sex thus Frauds of Men oppose,
Still may our Arts delude those tempting Foes.
May Honour Rule, and never fall betray'd,
But Vice be caught in Nets for Virtue laid.

The End of the Fourth ACT.

ACT V.

SCENE, *Lady* Darling's *House.*

Darling *and* Angelica.

Darling. DAughter, since you have to deal with a Man of so peculiar a Temper, you must not think the general Arts of Love can secure him; you may therefore allow such a Courtier some Incouragement extraordinary, without reproach to your Modesty.

Angel. I am sensible, Madam, that a formal Nicety makes our Modesty sit awkard, and appears rather a Chain to Enslave, than Bracelet to Adorn us—— it shou'd show, when unmolested, easie and innocent as a Dove, but strong and vigorous as a Faulcon, when assaulted.

Darl. I'm afraid, Daughter, you mistake Sir *Harry's* Gaiety for Dishonour.

Angel. Tho' Modesty, Madam, may Wink, it must not Sleep, when powerful Enemies are abroad —I must confess, that of all Mens, I wou'd not see Sir *Harry Wildair's* Faults; nay, I cou'd wrest most suspicious Words a thousand ways, to make them look like Honour ——but, Madam, in spight of Love I must hate him, and curse those Practices which taint our Nobility, and rob all virtuous Women of the bravest Men———

Darl. You must certainly be mistaken, *Angelica*, for I'm satisfy'd Sir *Harry's* designs are only to court, and marry you.

Angel. His pretence, perhaps, was such, but Women now, like Enemies, are attack'd; whether by Treachery, or fairly Conquer'd, the Glory of Triumph is the same—— pray, Madam, by what means were you made acquainted with his Designs?

Darl. Means, Child! why my Cousin *Vizard*, who, I'm sure is your sincere Friend, sent him. He brought me this Letter from my Cousin———

[*Gives her the Letter, which she opens.*

Angel. Ha! *Vizard!* then I'm abus'd in earnest —wou'd Sir *Harry*, by his Instigation, fix a base Affront upon me? no, I can't suspect him of so ungenerel a Crime——this Letter shall trace the Truth——[*Aside.*] my Suspicions, Madam, are much clear'd, and I hope to satisfie your Ladyship in my Management, when next I see Sir *Harry*.

Exeunt Servants.

Serv. Madam, here's a Gentleman below calls himself *Wildair*.

Dark. Conduct him up. Daughter, I wont doubt your Discretion.

[*Exit Darling.*

Enter Wildair.

Wild. O, the Delights of Love and *Burgundy*—! Madam, I have toasted your Ladyship fifteen Bumpers successively, and swallow'd *Cupids* like Loches, to every Glass.

Ang. And what then, Sir?

Wild. Why then, Madam, the Wine has got into my Head; and the *Cupids* into my Heart: and unless by quenching quick my Flame, you kindly ease the Smart, I'm a lost Man, Madam.

Ang. Drunkenness, Sir *Harry*, is the worst Pretence a Gentleman can make for Rudeness: For the Excuse is as scandulous as the Fault:——Therefore pray consider who you are so free with, Sir; a Woman of Condition, that can call half a dozen Footmen upon Occasion.

Wild. Nay, Madam, if you have a mind to toss me in a Blanket; half a dozen Chamber-maids would do better Service.——Come, come, Madam, tho' the Wine makes me lisp, yet has it taught me to speak plainer. By all the Dust of my ancient Progenitors I must this Night quarter my Coat of Arms with yours.

Angel. Nay, then who waits there? [*Enter Footman.*

Take hold of that mad Man, and bind him.

Wild. Nay, then *Burgundy*'s the Word, and Slaughter willensue. Hold;—do you know, Scoundrils, that I have been drinking victorious *Burgundy*? [*draws.*

Servants. We know you're drunk, Sir.

Wild. Then how have you the Impudence, Rascals, to assault a Gentleman with a couple of Flasks of Courage in his Head?

Servants. Sir, we must do as our young Mistriss commands us.

Wild. Nay, then, have among ye, Dogs!

(Throws Money among them: They scramble and take it up: He seizing them out, shuts the Door, and returns.

Rascals, Poultrons,—— I have charm'd the Dragon, and now the Fruit's my own.

Angel. O, the mercenary Wretches! This was a Plot to betray me.

Wild. I have put the whole Army to flight: And, now take the General Prisoner. [*Laying hold on her.*

Angel. I conjure you, Sir, by the sacred Name of Honour, by your dead Father's Name and the fair Reputation of your Mothers Chastity, that you offer not the least Offence.—Already you have wrong'd me past Redress.

Wild. Thou art the most unaccountable Creature.

Angel. What Madness, Sir *Harry*, what wild Dream of loose Desire cou'd prompt you to attempt this Rudeness? View me well.——The Brightness of my Mind, methinks, should lighten outwards, and let you see your Mistake in my Behaviour. I think it shines with so much Innocence in my Face, that it shou'd dazzle all your vicious Thoughts: Think not I am defenceless 'cause alone

alone. Your very self is Guard against your self; I'm sure there's something generous in your Soul; My Words shall search it out, and Eyes shall fire it for my own Defence.

Wild. Mimicking) Tall ti dum, ti dum, tall ti didi, didum.

A Million to one now, but this Girl is just come flush from reading the *Rival Queens*—I gad, I'll at her in her own cant———

O my Statyra, O my Angry Dear, turn thy Eyes on me, behold thy Beau in Buskins.

Ang. Behold me, Sir, View me with a sober Thought, free from those fumes of Wine that throw a mist before your Sight, and you shall find that every glance from my reproaching Eyes is arm'd with sharp Resentment, and with a vertuous Pride that looks dishonour dead.

Wild. This is the first Whore in *Heroicks* that I have met with, [*Aside*] look ye Madam, as to that slender particular of your Vertue, we shan't quarrel about it, you may be as Vertuous as any Woman in *England* if you please; you may say your Pray'rs all the time——but pray Madam be pleas'd to consider what is this same Vertue that you make such a mighty Noise about——can your Vertue bespeak you a front Row in the Boxes, No, for the Players can't live upon Vertue. Can your Vertue keep you a Coach and Six, no, no, your Vertuous Women walk a foot——can your Vertue hire you a Pue in a Church? Why the very Sexton will tell you, no. Can your Vertue stake for you at Picquet, no. Then what business has a Woman with Vertue—Come, come, Madam, I offer'd you fifty Guinea's,——there's a hundred—the Devil! Vertuous still! Why 'tis a hundred, five score, a hundred Guinea's.

Ang. O Indignation! Were I a Man you durst not use me thus; but the Mean, poor Abuse you throw on me, reflects upon your self, our Sex still strikes an awe upon the Brave, and only Cowards dare affront a Woman.

Wild. Affront! S'death Madam, a hundred Guinea's will set you up at Basset, a hundred Guinea's will furnish out your Lodgings with China; a hundred Guinea's will give you an Air of Quality; a hundred Guinea's will buy you a rich Escritore for your Billet deux, or a fine Common-Prayer-Book for your Vertue. A hundred Guinea's will buy a hundred fine things, and fine things are for fine Ladies; and fine Ladies are for fine Gentlemen; and fine Gentlemen are———I Gad this Burgundy makes a Man speak like an Angel——Come, come, Madam, take it, and put it to what use you please.

Ang. I'll use it, as I wou'd the base unworthy Giver, thus.

[*Throws down the Purse, and stamps upon it.*

Wild. I have no mind to meddle in State Affairs; but these Wome will make me a Parliament Man, spight of my Teeth, on purpose to bring in a Bill against their Extortion. She tramples under Foot, that Deity which all the World adores.——O the blooming pride of beautiful Eighteen! Pshaw, I'll talk to her no longer, I'll make my Markets with the Old Gentlewoman, she knows Business better.———[*Goes to the Door*] here you friend, pray desire the Old Lady to walk in.——Hearkee, by Gad, Madam, I'll tell your Mother.

Enter Darling.

Darl. Well, Sir *Harry*, and how d'ye like my Daughter, pray.

Wild. Like her Madam!—hearkee will you take it? Why faith Madam!—take the Money, I say, or I gad, all's out.

Ang. All shall out; Sir, you're a Scandal to the Name of Gentleman.

Wild. With all my Heart, Madam—in short, Madam, your Daughter has us'd me somwhat too familiarly, tho' I have treated her like a Woman of Quality.

Darl. How Sir?

Wild. Why, Madam, I have offer'd her a hundred Guineas.

Dar. A hundred Guinea's! upon what Score?

Wild. Upon what Score! Lord, Lord, how these Old Women love to hear Bawdy! Why faith Madam, I have ne're a double Entandle ready at present, but I'll sing you a Song.

Behold the Goldfinches, tall al de rall,
And a Man of my Inches, tall al de rall,
You shall take um believe me, tall al de rall,
If you will give me, your tall al de rall,

A Modish Minuet Madam, that's all.

Dar. Sir, I don't understand you.

Wild. Ay, she will have it in plain Terms; then Madam, in downright English, I offer'd your Daughter a hundred Guinea's, to ———

Ang. Hold Sir, stop your abusive Tongue, too loose for Modest Ears to bear.——— Madam, I did before suspect that his Designs were base, now they're too plain; this Knight, this Mighty Man of Wit and Humours, is made a Tool to a Knave: *Vizard* has sent him of a Bully's Errand, to affront a Woman; but I scorn the Abuse, and him that offer'd it.

Dar. How Sir, come to Affront us! d'ye know who we are, Sir.

Wild. Know who ye are? Why, your Daughter there is Mr. *Vizard's* Cousin, I suppose;———and for you Madam——now to call her Procuress Alamode *France*. [*Aside.*] *C'est une autre Occupation.*———

Dar. Pray Sir, speak *English*.

Wild. Then to define her Office, Alamode Londres! [*Aside.*] I suppose your Ladiship to be one of those Civil, Obliging, Discreet, Old Gentlewomen, who keep their Visiting days for the Entertainment of their presenting Friends, whom they treat with Imperial Tea, a private Room, and a pack of Cards. Now I suppose you do understand me.

Dar. This is beyond Sufferance; but say, thou abusive Man, what injury have you e're receiv'd from me or mine, thus to engage you in this scandalous Aspersion.

Ang. Yes Sir, what cause, what Motives could induce you thus to debase your self below your Rank.

Wild. Hey day! Now Dear *Roxana*, and you my fair *Statyra*, be not so very Heroick in your Styles, *Vizard's* Letter may resolve you, and answer all the impertinent Questions you have made me.

Read

Both Women. We appeal to that.

Wild. And I'll ſtand to't, he read it to me, and the Contents were pretty plain I thought.

Ang. Here Sir, peruſe it, and ſee how much we are injur'd, and you deceiv'd.

Wild. Opening the Letter.] But hold Madam, [to *Darling*] before I read, I'll make ſome Condition ——Mr. *Vizard* ſays here, that I went ſcruple 30 or 40 pieces; Now Madam, if you have clapt in another Cypher to the account, and made it 3 or 4 Hundred, by Gad, I will not ſtand to't.

Ang. Now can't I tell whether Diſdain or Anger be the moſt juſt Reſentment for this Injury.

Dar. The Letter, Sir, ſhall anſwer you.

Wild. Well then! [*Reads.*]

Out of my Earneſt Inclination to ſerve your Ladyſhip, and my Couſin Angelica, ——Ay, ay, the very Words, I can ſay it by heart ——*I have ſent Sir* Harry Wildair——*to court my Couſin.*——What the Devil's this? *Sent Sir* Harry Wildair *to court my Couſin*——he read to me a quite different thing——*He's a Gentleman of great Parts and Fortune.*——He's a Son of a Whore and a Raſcal,——and wou'd make your Daughter very Happy, [*Whiſtles*] in a Husband. [*Looks fooliſh, and hums a Song.*] Oh poor Sir *Harry*, what have they angry Stars deſign'd?

Ang. Now Sir, I hope you need no Inſtigation to Redreſs our Wrongs, ſince even the Injury points the way.

Darl. Think Sir, that our Blood for many Generations, has run in the pureſt Channel of unſully'd Honour.

Wild. Ay, Madam, [*bows to her.*

Ang. Conſider, what a tender Bloſſom is Female Reputation, which the leaſt Air of foul Detraction blaſts.

Wild. Yes, Madam. [*Bows to t'other.*

Ear. Call then to mind your rude and ſcandalous Behaviour.

Wild. Right Madam. [*Bows again.*

Ang. Remember the baſe price you offer'd me. [*Exit.*

Wild. Very true, Madam, was ever Man ſo Catechis'd.

Darl. Then think that, *Vizard*, Villain *Vizard* caus'd all this, yet lives, that's all, farewell. [*Going.*

Wild. Stay Madam, [*to* Darling] one Word, is there no other way to redreſs your Wrongs, but by Fighting.

Dar. Only one Sir, which if you can think of, you may do; you know the buſineſs I entertain'd you for.

Wild. I underſtand you Madam. [*Exit.* Darling.] Here am I brought to a very pretty Dilemma; I muſt commit Murder, or commit Matrimony, which is beſt now? A Licenſe from *Doctors Commons*, or a Sentence from the *Old Baily*; If I kill my Man, the Law hangs me; if I marry my Woman, I ſhall hang my ſelf;——but, Dam it,——Cowards dare fight, I'll marry, that's the moſt daring Action of the two, ſo my dear Couſin *Angelica*, have at you.

SCENE *Newgate*, Clincher senior *solus*.

Clin. How severe and melancholy are *Newgate* Reflections? Last Week my Father died: Yesterday I turn'd Beau; To day I am laid by the heels, and to morrow shall be hung by the Neck —— I was agreeing with a Book-seller about Printing an Account of my Journey through *France* to *Italy*; But now, the History of my Travels thro' *Holborn* to *Tyborn*, —— *The last and dying Speech of Beau* Clincher, *that was going to the Jubilee.* —— *Come, a Half-penny a-piece.* A sad Sound, a sad Sound, faith. 'Tis one Way to have a Man's Death make a great Noise in the World.

Enter Smugler and Goaler.

Smug. Well, Friend, I have told you who I am: So send these Letters into *Thames street*, as directed; they are to Gentlemen that will bail me. [*Ex. Goaler.*

Eh! this *Newgate* is a very populous Place: Here's Robbery and Repentance in every Corner. —— Well, Friend, what are you, a Cut-throat or a Bum-Bayliff?

Clin. What are you, Mistriss, a Bawd or a Witch? Hearkee, if you are a Witch, d'ye see, I'll give you a hundred Pounds to mount me on a Broom-staff, and whip me away to the Jubilee.

Smug. The Jubilee! O, you young Rake-hell, what brought you here?

Clin. Ah, you old Rogue, what brought you here, if you go to that?

Smug. I knew, Sir, what your Powdering, your Prinking, your Dancing and your Frisking wou'd come to.

Clin. And I knew what your Cozening, your Extortion, and your Smugling wou'd come to.

Smug. Ay, Sir, you must break your Indentures, and run to the Devil in a full Bottom Wig, must you?

Clin. Ay Sir, and you must put off your Gravity, and run to the Devil in Petticoats: —— You design to swing in Masquerade, Master d'ye.

Smug. Ay, you must go to Plays too, Sirrah: Lord, Lord! What Business has a Prentice at a Play-house, unless it be to hear his Master made a Cuckold, and his Mistriss a Whore? 'Tis ten to one now, but some malicious Poet has my Character upon the Stage within this Month: 'Tis a hard matter now, that an honest sober Man can't sin in private for this plaguy Stage. I gave an honest Gentleman five Guineas my self towards writing a Book against it: And it has done no good, we see.

Clin. Well, well, Master, take Courage; our Comfort is, we have liv'd together, and shall die together, only with this difference, that I have liv'd like a Fool, and shall die like a Knave; and you have liv'd like a Knave, and shall die like a Fool.

Smug. No, Sirrah! I have sent a Messenger for my Cloaths, and shall get out immediately, and shall be upon your Jury by and by. —— Go to Prayers, you Rogue, go to Prayers. [*Exit. Smug.*

Clin. Prayers! 'Tis a hard taking, when a Man must say Grace to the Gallows. —— Ah, this cursed Intriguing! Had I swung handsomely in a silken Garter now, I had died in my Duty; but to hang in Hemp, like the Vulgar, 'tis very ungenteel.

Enter Tom Errand.

A Reprieve, a Reprieve, thou dear, dear —— damn'd Rogue, where have you been? Thou art the most welcome ——— Son of a Whore, where's my Cloaths?

Errd. Sir, I see where mine are: Come, Sir, strip, Sir, strip.

Clin. What, Sir, will you abuse a Gentleman?

Errd. A Gentleman! ha, ha, ha, d'ye know where you are, Sir? Were all Gentlemen here, — I stand up for Liberty and Property. ——— *Newgate's* a Common-wealth. No Courtier has Business among us; Come, Sir.

Clin. Well, but stay, stay till I send for my own Cloaths: I shall get out presently.

Errd. No no, Sir, I'll ha you into the Dungeon, and uncase you.

Clin. Sir, you can't master me; for I'm twenty thousand strong.

Exeunt struggling.

The SCENE *changes to Lady* Darling's *House.*

Enter Wildair *with Letters, Servants following.*

Wild. Here, fly all around, and bear these as directed; you to *Westminster*, — you to St. *James's* — and you into the City. ——— Tell all my Friends a Bridegroom's Joy invites their Presence: Look all of ye like Bridegrooms also: All appear with hospitable Looks, and bear a welcome in your Faces. — Tell 'em I'm married. If any ask to whom, make no Reply; but tell 'em that I'm married, that Joy shall crown the Day, and Love the Night. Be gone, fly.

Enter Standard.

A thousand Welcomes, Friend: my Pleasures now compleat, since I can share it with my Friend. Brisk Joy shall bound from me to you: Then back again; and, like the Sun, grow warmer by Reflexion.

Stand. You're always pleasant, Sir *Harry*; but this transcends your self; whence proceeds it?

Wild. Canst thou not guess? my Friend —— whence flows all Earthly Joy? What is the Life of Man, and Soul of Pleasure? ——*Woman* ——— What fires the Heart with Transport, and the Soul with Raptures? *Lovely Woman!* — What is the Master stroak and Smile of the Creation, but *Charming Vertuous Woman?* —— When Nature in the general Composition first brought Woman forth, like a flush'd Poet, ravish'd with his Fancy, with Extasie: The blest, the fair Production. ——— Methinks, my Friend, you relish not my Joy. What is the Cause?

Stand. Canst thou not guess? — What is the Bane of Man, and Scourge of Life, but *Woman?* ——— What is the Heathenish Idol Man sets up, and is damn'd for worshipping *Treacherous Woman:* —— What are those whose Eyes, like Basilisks, shine beautiful for sure Destruction, whose Smiles are dangerous as the Grin of Fiends? But *false deluding Woman.* ——— Woman whose Composition inverts Humanity; their Body's Heavenly, but their Souls are Clay.

Wild. Come, come, Colonel, this is too much: I know your Wrongs receiv'd from *Lurewell*, may excuse your Resentments against her: But 'tis unpardonable to charge the Failings of a single Woman upon the whole Sex. — I have found one, whose Vertues ———

Stand. So have I, Sir *Harry*; I have found one whose Pride's above yield-

ing to a Prince: And if Lying, Dissembling, Perjury and Falshood be no Breaches in Woman's Honour, she's as innocent as Infancy.

Wild. Well, Colonel, I find your Opinion grows stronger by Opposition. I shall now therefore wave the Argument, and only beg you for this Day to make a Show of Complaisance at least. —— Here comes my Charming Bride.

Enter Darling *and* Angelica.

Stand. Saluting Angelica. I wish you, Madam, all the Joys of Love and Fortune.

Enter Clincher junior.

Clin. Gentlemen and Ladies, I'm just upon the Spur, and have only a Minute to take my Leave.

Wild. Whether are you bound, Sir?

Clin. Bound, Sir! I'm going to the *Jubilee*, Sir.

Darl. Bless me, Cousin! how came ye by these Cloaths?

Clin. Cloaths! Ha, ha, ha, the rarest Jest! Ha, ha, ha, I shall burst, by *Jupiter Ammon*, I shall burst.

Darl. What's the Matter, Cousin?

Clin. The matter! Ha, ha, ha: Why an honest Porter, ha, ha, ha, has knock'd out my Brother's Brains, ha, ha, ha.

Wild. A very good Jest, i'faith, ha, ha, ha.

Clin. Ay Sir, but the best Jest of all is, he knock'd out his Brains with a Hammer, and so he is as dead as a Door-nail, ha, ha, ha.

Darl. And do you laugh, Wretch?

Clin. Laugh! ha, ha, ha, Let me see e'er a younger Brother in *England* that won't laugh at such a Jest.

Ang. You appear'd a very sober pious Gentleman some Hours ago.

Clin. Pshaw, I was a Fool then: But now, Madam, I'm a Wit: I can rake now. —— As for your part, Madam, you might have had me once: —— But now, Madam, if you shou'd chance fall to eating Chalk, or knawing the Sheets, 'tis none of my Fault —— Now, Madam —— I have got an Estate, and I must go to the *Jubilee*.

Enter Clincher senior *in a Blanket.*

Clin. sen. Must you so, Rogue, must ye? —— you will go to the *Jubilee*, will you?

Clin. jun. A Ghost, a Ghost! —— Send for the Dean and Chapter presently.

Clin. sen. A Ghost! no, no, Sirrah, I'm an Elder Brother, Rogue.

Clin. jun. I don't care a Farthing for that; I'm sure you're Dead in Law.

Clin. sen. Why so, Sirrah, why so?

Clin. jun. Because, Sir, I can get a Fellow to swear he knock'd out your Brains.

Wild. An odd way of swearing a Man out of his Life.

Clin. jun. Smell him, Gentlemen, he has a deadly Scent about him ——

Clin. sen. Truly the apprehensions of Death may have made me savour a little —— O Lord —— the Colonel! the apprehension of him may make me savour worse, I'm afraid.

Clin. jun. In short, Sir, were you Ghost, or Brother, or Devil, I will go

Stand. Go to the *Jubilee*! go to the *Bear-Garden*——the Travel of such Fools as you, doubly injure our Country, you expose our Native Follies which ridicules us among Strangers, and return fraught only with their Vices, which you vend here for fashionable Gallantry; a Travelling Fool is as dangerous as a Home-bred Villain——Get ye to your Native Plough and Cart, converse with Animals, like your selves, Sheep and Oxen; Men are Creatures you don't understand.

Wild. Let 'em alone, Colonel, their Folly will be now diverting. Come, Gentlemen, we'll dispute this Point some other time, I hear some Fiddles tuning; let's hear how they can entertain us: Be pleas'd to sit.

Here Singing and Dancing. After which a Servant whispers Wildair.

Wild. Madam, shall I beg you to entertain the Company in the next Room for a Moment? [*To* Darling.

Darl. With all my Heart——Come, Gentlemen. [*Ex. Omnes but* Wild.

Wild. A Lady to enquire for me! Who can this be?

Enter Lurewell.

O, Madam, this Favour is beyond my Expectation, to come uninvited to dance at my Wedding——What d'ye gaze at, Madam?

Lure. A Monster——if thou art marry'd, thou'rt the most perjur'd Wretch that e're avouch'd Deceit.

Wild. Hey day! why, Madam, I'm sure I never swore to marry you, I made indeed a slight Promise, upon condition of your granting me a small Favour, but you would not consent, you know.

Lure. How he upbraids me with my Shame——can you deny your binding Vows when this appears a Witness 'gainst your Falshood. [*Shews a Ring.* Methinks the Motto of this sacred Pledge shou'd flash Confusion in your guilty Face——read, read here the binding Words of Love and Honour, Words not unknown to your perfidious Eyes.——tho' utter Strangers to your treacherous Heart.

Wild. The Woman's stark staring Mad, that's certain.

Lure. Was it maliciously design'd to let me find my Misery when past redress; to let me know you, only to know you false——had not curfed Chance show'd me the surprizing Motto, I had been happy——The first Knowledge I had of you was fatal to me, and this second worse.

Wild. What the Devil's all this!——Madam, I'm not at leisure for Rallery at present, I have weighty Affairs upon my hands; the business of Pleasure, Madam, any other time—— [*Going.*

Lure. Stay, I conjure you stay.

Wild. Faith I can't, my Bride expects me; but hark'ee, when the Honey-Moon is over, about a Month or two hence, I may do you a small Favour.

Exit.

Lure. Grant me some wild Expressions, Heav'ns, or I shall burst——Woman's Weakness, Man's Falshood, my own Shame, and Love's Disdain, at once swell up my Breast——Words, Words, or I shall burst. [*Going.*

Enter Standard.

Stand. Stay, Madam, you need not shun my sight; for if you are perfect

Woman

Woman, you have Confidence to out-face a Crime, and bear the Charge of Guilt without a Blush.

Lure. The charge of Guilt! what? making a Fool of you? I've don't, and glory in the Act, the height of Female Justice were to make you all hang or drown, dissembling to the prejudice of Men is Virtue; and every Look, or Sign, or Smile, or Tear that can deceive is Meritorious.

Stand. Very pretty Principles truly——if there be Truth in Woman, 'tis now in thee—Come, Madam, you know that you're discover'd, and being sensible, you can't escape, you wou'd now turn to Bay.
That Ring, Madam, proclaims you Guilty.

Lure. O Monster, Villain, perfidious Villain! has he told you?

Stand. I'll tell it you, and loudly too.

Lure. O name it not——yes, speak it out, 'tis so just Punishment for putting Faith in Man, that I will bear it all; and let credulous Maids that trust their Honour to the Tongues of Men, thus hear their Shame proclaim'd—Speak now, what his busie Scandal, and your improving Malice both dare utter.

Stand. Your Falshood can't be reach'd by Malice, nor by Satyr; your Actions are the justest Libel on your Fame——your Words, your Looks, your Tears, I did believe in spight of common Fame. Nay, 'gainst my own Eyes, I still maintain'd your Truth. I imagin'd *Wildair's* boasting of your Favours to be the pure result of his own Vanity: at last he urg'd your taking Presents of him, as a convincing Proof of which you Yesterday from him receiv'd that Ring——which Ring, that I might be sure he gave it, I lent him for that purpose.

Lure. Ha! you lent him for that purpose!

Stand. Yes, yes, Madam, I lent him for that purpose—no denying it—I know it well, for I have worn it long, and desire you now, Madam, to restore it to the just Owner.

Lure. The just Owner, think Sir, think but of what importance 'tis to own it, if you have Love and Honour in your Soul. 'Tis then most justly yours, if not, you are a Robber, and have stoln it basely.

Stand. Ha—your Words, like meeting Flints, have struck a Light to show me something strange——but tell me instantly, is not your real Name *Manly*?

Lure. Answer me first, did not you receive this Ring about Twelve Years ago?

Stand. I did.

Lure. And were not you about that time entertain'd two Nights at the House of Sir *Oliver Manly* in *Oxfordshire*.

Stand. I was, I was, [*runs to her, and embraces her*] the blest remembrance fires my Soul with transport—I know the rest—you are the charming She, and I the happy Man.

Lure. How has blind Fortune stumbled on the right!—But where have you wander'd since, 'twas cruel to forsake me.

Stand. The particulars of my Fortune were too tedious now; but to discharge my self from the stain of Dishonour, I must tell you, that immediately upon my return to the University, my Elder Brother and I quarrel'd; my

my Father, to prevent farther Mischief, posts me away to Travel: I writ to to you from *London*, but fear the Letter came not to your Hands.

Lucy. I never had the least account of you, by Letter or otherwise.

Stand. Three Years I liv'd abroad, and at my Return, found you were gone out of the Kingdom, tho' none cou'd tell me whither; missing you thus, I went to *Flanders*, serv'd my King 'till the Peace commenc'd; then fortunately going on Board at *Amsterdam*, one Ship transported us both to *England*. At the first sight I lov'd, tho' ignorant of the hidden Cause —— You may remember, Madam, that talking once of Marriage, I told you I was engag'd; to your dear self I meant.

Lucy. Then Men are still most Generous and Brave ——— and to reward your Truth, an Estate of Three Thousand Pounds a Year waits your acceptance; and if I can satisfie you in my past Conduct, and the reasons that engag'd me to deceive all Men, I shall expect the honourable performance of your Promise, and that you wou'd stay with me in *England*.

Stand. Stay, not Fame, nor Glory, nor Love shall part us more. My Honour can be no where more concern'd than here.

Enter Wildair, Angelica, *both* Clinchers.

Oh, Sir *Harry*, Fortune has acted Miracles, the Story's strange and tedious, but all amounts to this. That Woman's Mind is charming as her Person, and I am made a Convert too to Beauty.

Wild. I wanted only this to make my Pleasure perfect.

Enter Smuggler.

Smug. So, Gentlemen and Ladies, is my Gracious Nephew *Vizard* among ye?

Wild. Sir, he dares not show his Face among such Honourable Company, for your Gracious Nephew is ———

Smug. What, Sir? Have a care what you say.

Wild. A Villain, Sir.

Smug. With all my Heart ——— I'll pardon you the beating me for that very Word. And pray, Sir *Harry*, when you see him next, tell him this News from me, that I have Disinherited him, that I will leave him as poor as a disbanded Quarter-Master. And this is the positive and stiff Resolution of Threescore and Ten; an Age that sticks as obstinately to its Purpose, as of the old Fashion of its Cloak.

Wild. You see, Madam, [*to* Angel.] how industriously Fortune has punish'd his Offence to you.

Angel. I can scarcely, Sir, reckon it an Offence, considering the happy Consequence of it.

Smug. O, Sir *Harry*, he's as Hypocritical ——

Lucy. As your self, Mr. Alderman: how fares my good old Nurse, pray, Sir?

Smug. O Madam, I shall be even with you before I part with your Writings and Money, that I have in my Hands.

Stand. A word with you, Mr. Alderman, do you know this Pocket-Book?

Smug. O Lord, it contains an Account of all my secret Practices in Trading [*Aside.*] how came you by it, Sir.

Stand. Sir *Harry* here dusted it out of your Pocket, at this Lady's House,

yesterday: It contains an Account of some secret Practices in your Merchandizing; among the rest the Counterpart of an Agreement with a Correspondent at *Bourdeaux*, about transporting *French* Wine in *Spanish* Casks—— First return this Lady all her Writings, then I shall consider, whether I shall lay your Proceedings before the Parliament or not, whose Justice will never suffer your Smuggling to go unpunish'd.

Smug. O my poor Ship and Cargo.

Clin. sen. Hark'ee, Master, you had as good come along with me to the *Jubilee*, cow.

Angel. Come, Mr. Alderman, for once let a Woman advise; Wou'd you be thought an Honest Man, banish Covetousness, that worst Gout of Age; Avarice is a poor pilfering quality of the Soul, and will as certainly Cheat as a Thief wou'd Steal ——

Wou'd you be thought a Reformer of the Times, be less severe in your Censures, less rigid in your Precepts, and more strict in your Example.

Wild. Right, Madam, Virtue is [illegible] free from Imitation, than Compulsion, of which, Colonel, your [illegible]ersion and Mine are just Examples.

In vain are nasty Morals taught in Schools,
By rigid Teachers, and as rigid Rules,
Where Virtue with a frowning Aspect stands,
And frights the Pupil from its rough Commands,
But Woman ——
Charming Woman can true Converts make,
We Love the Precepts for the Teachers sake.
Virtue in them appears so bright, so gay,
We hear with Transport, and with Pride obey.

FINIS.